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AUG. 29, 1907.













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## VOLUMES ISSUED

I FIFTY MASTERSONGS <i>Edited by Henry T. Finck</i>	XII MODERN FRENCH SONGS, VOL. II GEORGES TO WIDOR <i>Edited by Philip Hale</i>
II JOHANNES BRAHMS: FORTY SONGS <i>Edited by James Huneker</i>	XIII SONGS BY THIRTY AMERICANS <i>Edited by Rupert Hughes</i>
III FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN FORTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS <i>Edited by James Huneker</i>	XIV FRANZ SCHUBERT: FIFTY SONGS <i>Edited by Henry T. Finck</i>
IV ROBERT FRANZ: FIFTY SONGS <i>Edited by William Foster Apthorp</i>	XV SELECTIONS FROM THE MUSIC DRAMAS OF RICHARD WAGNER <i>Arranged for the piano by Otto Singer</i>
V FRANZ LISZT TWENTY ORIGINAL PIANO COMPOSITIONS <i>Edited by August Spanuth</i>	XVI ROBERT SCHUMANN FIFTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS <i>Edited by Xaver Scharwenka</i>
VI FRANZ LISZT TWENTY PIANO TRANSCRIPTIONS <i>Edited by August Spanuth</i>	XVII TWENTY-FOUR NEGRO MELODIES <i>Transcribed for the piano by S. Coleridge-Taylor</i>
VII FRANZ LISZT TEN HUNGARIAN RHAPSODIES <i>Edited by August Spanuth and John Orth</i>	XVIII SEVENTY SCOTTISH SONGS <i>Edited with accompaniments by Helen Hopekirk</i>
VIII ROBERT SCHUMANN: FIFTY SONGS <i>Edited by W. J. Henderson</i>	XIX GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL VOL. I, SONGS AND AIRS FOR HIGH VOICE <i>Edited by Ebenezer Prout</i>
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11

FIFTY MASTERSONGS





15

FIFTY  
MASTERSONGS  
BY TWENTY COMPOSERS  
EDITED BY  
HENRY T. FINCK  
(AUTHOR OF "SONGS AND SONG WRITERS," "WAGNER AND HIS WORKS," ETC.)  
FOR HIGH VOICE

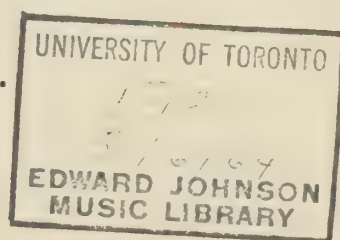


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# CONTENTS

MOZART, WOLFGANG AMADEUS (1756-1791)	Golden at my Feet ( <i>Gelb rollt mir zu Füßen</i> ). Op. 34, No. 9	109
The Violet ( <i>Das Veilchen</i> )	1	
BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN (1770-1827)	My Queen ( <i>Wie bist du meine Königin</i> ). Op. 32, No. 9	112
Adelaide. Op. 46	5	
SCHUBERT, FRANZ (1797-1828)	Love Song ( <i>Minnelied</i> ). Op. 71, No. 5	116
The Erlking ( <i>Der Erlkönig</i> ). Op. 1	15	
The Wanderer ( <i>Der Wanderer</i> ). Op. 4, No. 1	24	
Death and the Maiden ( <i>Der Tod und das Mädchen</i> ). Op. 7, No. 3	28	
My Peace thou art ( <i>Du bist die Ruh</i> ). Op. 59, No. 3	30	
Hark, hark, the Lark ( <i>Horch, horch, die Lerch</i> ). Posthumous	34	
The Inn ( <i>Das Wirthshaus</i> ). Op. 89, No. 21	39	
My Abode ( <i>Aufenthalt</i> ). "Schwanengesang," No. 5	42	
My Phantom Double ( <i>Der Doppelgänger</i> ). "Schwanengesang," No. 13	47	
CHOPIN, FRÉDÉRIC (1809-1849)	JENSEN, ADOLF (1837-1879)	
My Delight ( <i>Meine Freuden</i> )	Press thy cheek against mine own ( <i>Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang'</i> ). Op. 1, No. 1	123
The Parted Lovers ( <i>Zwei Leichen</i> )	When through the Piazzetta ( <i>Wenn durch die Piazzetta</i> ). Op. 50, No. 3	126
SCHUMANN, ROBERT (1810-1856)	Row gently here, my Gondolier! ( <i>Leis' rudern hier, mein Gondolier!</i> ) Op. 50, No. 4	131
Dedication ( <i>Widmung</i> ). Op. 25, No. 1	TCHAIKOVSKY, PIOTR ILYITCH (1840-1893)	
The Lotus Flower ( <i>Die Lotosblume</i> ). Op. 25, No. 7	Why? ( <i>Warum?</i> ). Op. 6, No. 5	135
In the Forest ( <i>Waldesgespräch</i> ). Op. 39, No. 3	None but the lonely Heart ( <i>Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt</i> ). Op. 6, No. 6	139
I'll not complain ( <i>Ich grolle nicht</i> ). Op. 48, No. 7	Disappointment ( <i>Déception</i> ). Op. 65, No. 2	143
LISZT, FRANZ (1811-1886)	DVOŘÁK, ANTONÍN (1841-1904)	
The Loreley ( <i>Die Lorelei</i> )	As my dear old Mother ( <i>Als die alte Mutter</i> ). Op. 55, No. 4	146
The King of Thule ( <i>Der König von Thule</i> )	MASSENET, JULES (1842- )	
Wanderer's Night Song ( <i>Wanderers Nachtlied</i> )	Elegy ( <i>Élégie</i> )	148
WAGNER, RICHARD (1813-1883)	GRIEG, EDVARD (1843- )	
Dreams ( <i>Träume</i> )	From Monte Pincio ( <i>Vom Monte Pincio</i> )	150
FRANZ, ROBERT (1815-1892)	The First Primrose ( <i>Mit einer Primula veris</i> )	158
Request ( <i>Bitte</i> ). Op. 9, No. 3	A Swan ( <i>Ein Schwan</i> )	160
For Music ( <i>Für Musik</i> ). Op. 10, No. 1	At the Brookside ( <i>An einem Bache</i> )	162
Dedication ( <i>Widmung</i> ). Op. 14, No. 1	The Old Mother ( <i>Die alte Mutter</i> )	165
Now welcome, my Wood! ( <i>Willkommen, mein Wald!</i> ) Op. 21, No. 1	The Mountain Maid ( <i>Das Kind der Berge</i> ). Op. 67, No. 2	168
Delight of Melancholy ( <i>Wonne der Wehmuth</i> ). Op. 33, No. 1	GODARD, BENJAMIN (1849-1895)	
The Rose complained ( <i>Es hat die Rose sich beklagt</i> ). Op. 42, No. 5	Florian's Song ( <i>Chanson de Florian</i> )	171
CORNELIUS, PETER (1824-1874)	PADEREWSKI, IGNACE JAN (1860- )	
The Monotone ( <i>Ein Ton</i> ). Op. 3, No. 3	Ah! the Torment! ( <i>Ach! die Qualen.</i> ) Op. 18, No. 5	174
RUBINSTEIN, ANTON (1829-1894)	MACDOWELL, EDWARD A. (1861- )	
The Asra ( <i>Der Asra</i> ). Op. 32, No. 6	The Sea. Op. 47, No. 7	178
	STRAUSS, RICHARD (1864- )	
	Serenade ( <i>Ständchen</i> ). Op. 17, No. 2	180





# INDEX OF AUTHORS

BJÖRNSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE (1832- )		HEINE, HEINRICH (1799-1856)	
Vom Monte Pincio ( <i>From Monte Pincio</i> ). GRIEG	150	Der Asra ( <i>The Asra</i> ). RUBINSTEIN	106
BODENSTEDT, FRIEDRICH VON (1819-1892)		Der Doppelgänger ( <i>My Phantom Double</i> ). SCHUBERT	47
Es hat die Rose sich beklagt ( <i>The Rose complained</i> ). FRANZ	101	Ich grolle nicht ( <i>I'll not complain</i> ). SCHUMANN	66
Gelb rollt mir zu Füßen ( <i>Golden at my Feet</i> ). RUBINSTEIN	109	Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang' ( <i>Press thy cheek against mine own</i> ). JENSEN	123
CLAUDIUS, MATTHIAS (1743-1815)		Die Lorelei ( <i>The Loreley</i> ). LISZT	69
Der Tod und das Mädchen ( <i>Death and the Maiden</i> ). SCHUBERT	28	Die Lotosblume ( <i>The Lotus Flower</i> ). SCHUMANN	60
COLLIN, PAUL		Warum? ( <i>Why?</i> ) TCHAIKOVSKY	135
Déception ( <i>Disappointment</i> ). TCHAIKOVSKY	143	HEYDUK, ADOLF (1835- )	
CORNELIUS, PETER (1824-1874)		Als die alte Mutter ( <i>As my dear old Mother</i> ). DVOŘÁK	146
Ein Ton ( <i>The Monotone</i> ). CORNELIUS	103	HÖLTY, H. (1828-1887)	
DAUMER, G. F. (1800-1875)		Minnelied ( <i>Love Song</i> ). BRAHMS	116
Wie bist du meine Königin ( <i>My Queen</i> ). BRAHMS	112	HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN (1837- )	
EICHENDORFF, JOSEPH VON (1788-1857)		The Sea. MacDOWELL	178
Waldesgespräch ( <i>In the Forest</i> ). SCHUMANN	62	IBSEN, HENRIK (1828- )	
FLORIAN, J. P. CLARIS DE (1755-1794)		Ein Schwan ( <i>A Swan</i> ). GRIEG	160
Chanson de Florian ( <i>Florian's Song</i> ). GODARD	171	LENAU, NIKOLAUS (1802-1850)	
GALLET, LOUIS (1835- )		Bitte ( <i>Request</i> ). FRANZ	89
Elégie ( <i>Elegy</i> ). MASSENET	148	MATTHISSON, FRIEDRICH VON (1761-1831)	
GARBORG, ARNE (1851- )		Adelaide. BEETHOVEN	5
Das Kind der Berge ( <i>The Mountain Maid</i> ). GRIEG	168	MICKIEWICZ, ADAM (1798-1855)	
GEIBEL, EMANUEL VON (1815-1884)		Ach! die Qualen. ( <i>Ah! the Torment!</i> ) PADEREWSKI	174
Für Musik ( <i>For Music</i> ). FRANZ	91	Meine Freuden ( <i>My Delight</i> ). CHOPIN	50
GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON (1749-1832)		MOORE, THOMAS (1779-1852)	
Der Erbkönig ( <i>The Erlking</i> ). SCHUBERT	15	Row gently here, my Gondolier! ( <i>Leis' rudern hier, mein Gondolier!</i> ) JENSEN	131
Der König von Thule ( <i>The King of Thule</i> ). LISZT	77	When through the Piazzetta ( <i>Wenn durch die Piazzetta</i> ). JENSEN	126
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt ( <i>None but the lonely Heart</i> ). TCHAIKOVSKY	139	MÜLLER, WILHELM (1794-1827)	
Das Veilchen ( <i>The Violet</i> ). MOZART	1	Das Wirthshaus ( <i>The Inn</i> ). SCHUBERT	39
Wanderers Nachtlied ( <i>Wanderer's Night Song</i> ). LISZT	83	MÜLLER, WOLFGANG (1816-1873)	
Wonne der Wehmuth ( <i>Delight of Melancholy</i> ). FRANZ	99	Widmung ( <i>Dedication</i> ). FRANZ	93
GROTH, KLAUS (1819- )		PAULSEN, J. (1851- )	
Wie Melodien zieht es mir ( <i>A Thought like Music</i> ). BRAHMS	119	Miteiner Primula veris ( <i>The First Primrose</i> ). GRIEG	158
		RELLSTAB, LUDWIG (1799-1860)	
		Aufenthalt ( <i>My Abode</i> ). SCHUBERT	42

# INDEX OF AUTHORS

ROQUETTE, OTTO (1824- )		SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564-1616)	
Willkommen, mein Wald! ( <i>Now welcome, my Wood!</i> ) FRANZ	95	Hark, hark, the Lark ( <i>Horch, horch, die Lerch</i> ). SCHUBERT	34
RÜCKERT, FRIEDRICH (1788-1866)		VINJE, A. O. (1818-1870)	
Du bist die Ruh ( <i>My Peace thou art</i> ). SCHUBERT	30	Die alte Mutter ( <i>The Old Mother</i> ). GRIEG	165
Widmung ( <i>Dedication</i> ). SCHUMANN	56	An einem Bache ( <i>At the Brookside</i> ). GRIEG	162
SCHACK, ADOLF FRIEDRICH VON (1815- )		WESENDONCK, MATHILDE	
Ständchen ( <i>Serenade</i> ). STRAUSS	180	Träume ( <i>Dreams</i> ). WAGNER	85
SCHMIDT, GEORG FILIPP (1766-1849)		ZALESKI, BOGDAN (1802-1886)	
Der Wanderer ( <i>The Wanderer</i> ). SCHUBERT	24	Zwei Leichen ( <i>The Parted Lovers</i> ). CHOPIN	54







LISZT



TCHAIKOVSKY



RUBINSTEIN



SCHUMANN



SCHUBERT



FRANZ



GRIEG



BRAHMS



JENSEN

# FIFTY MASTERSONGS



A FEW years ago it was the fashion to print lists of the best hundred books. Naturally, no two of these lists were alike, for men differ widely in taste and judgment. The same result would follow if a number of experts and amateurs were asked to make a list of the best hundred songs—or let us say fifty—which is as many as can be conveniently printed in one volume.

The editor of the present collection of Fifty Mastersongs has made a special study of this branch of music for more than a quarter of a century; and while writing his recent volume, *Songs and Song Writers*, he had to go over the whole ground once more carefully. He therefore realizes vividly the difficulty of making the wisest possible choice. The chief perplexity arises from the superabundance of good things. Among Schubert's songs alone, for instance, there are more than fifty which clamor for admission; but only a few can be inserted, because room must be left for other masters.

The aim has been to secure as much variety as possible without falling below a certain standard. For this reason Mozart, Beethoven, and a few other composers are represented, even though none of their songs quite equal the best by Schubert, Schumann, Franz, or Grieg.

While, for the reasons given, it cannot be claimed that the songs in this volume are absolutely the best fifty ever written, it may be confidently asserted that they are fifty of the best. They are all mastersongs, bearing the hall-mark of genius and originality, and each one is characteristic of its composer. Familiarity with them will breed more and more admiration; and if you come across one that you do not like at first, you may be sure that the fault is yours: either you do not interpret it correctly, or your pianist is a bungler, or you need to hear it half a dozen

times before you can fathom its charms; for the beauty of these songs is more than skin-deep.

Fashionable songs please only for a few weeks, while mastersongs are among the things of beauty which are a joy forever. It is sad to think how much time and money are wasted on trashy music. Singers go into music-stores and buy pebbles and glass beads when for the same money, or even less, they might get genuine diamonds and pearls. One of the objects in issuing this collection is to so train the taste of amateurs that they will be able henceforth to tell real diamonds and pearls from their worthless imitations.

Some surprise may be caused by the fact that there are no Italian and only two French songs in this collection. The editor has searched far and wide for an Italian song worthy of being included, but without success, for reasons which cannot be given here, but which may be found in *Songs and Song Writers*, pp. 218-227. Liszt has remarked justly that the lyric art-song, or *Lied*, is "poetically and musically a product peculiar to the Germanic muse." Nevertheless, of our fifty mastersongs only twenty-nine are by German composers—Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Franz, Cornelius, Brahms, Jensen, Strauss. The Norwegian Grieg contributes six; the Russian Rubinstein and Tchaïkovsky five; the Hungarian Liszt three; the Polish Chopin and Paderewski three; the French Massenet and Godard two; the Bohemian Dvořák and the American MacDowell one each. So that from the national point of view, too, we have considerable variety. America, it may be added, would have been represented more liberally had it not been for copyright difficulties.

Special attention has been given in this volume to the translations. Most translators sacrifice sense, accent, and everything else to the foolish effort at securing rhymes. Wherever this had



been done in the case of songs here used, new versions have been specially made for this collection, in pursuance of the publisher's deter-

mination to make this volume first-class in every detail.

## HINTS TO SINGERS

REMEMBER that the public likes good music as well as good singing, and that those vocalists are most likely to succeed in the long run who combine the two. What is wanted to-day is not simply songs but mastersongs.

A singer may have ever so beautiful a voice, and phrase with ever so much taste; if he does not enunciate the words distinctly, he is no better than a flute-player or a violinist. Most singers produce nothing but what has been aptly called "inarticulate smudges of sound," comparable to the illegible figures on a worn coin.

Technique is important, but expression is even more so. The one thing which to-day has artistic and financial value in the musical world is temperament—the power to stir an audience with emotion. To do so, the singer must enter into the spirit of the poem, just as if he were going to speak it on the stage without music.

The pianist should neither drown the voice

nor act as if he were a mere accompanist; for his part is usually quite as important as the singer's. He should study the text as carefully as the vocalist does; because in the songs the piano part is often descriptive and highly emotional, and the player is at sea unless he knows what the poem is about.

Careful attention to the poetic text also makes it easier to get the right tempo—a matter of vital importance, as a trifle too fast or too slow may utterly mar a song. Nor is it enough to have the general pace right. There are constant modifications of tempo, and of loudness, and special accents, which are the very life of the music. Take, for instance, that superbly emotional song, Grieg's *The Swan*. Unless both singer and player heed the expression marks—*andante ben tenuto*, *poco animato*, *crescendo*, *agitato*, *ritenuto*, *tranquillo*, *lento*—the song becomes like a rose without perfume, like a bird of paradise without feathers.

## WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756–1791)

AND

## LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770–1827)

WHILE simple folk-songs have always existed, the lyric art-song, in which the pianoforte part is as important as the vocal melody, is practically a product of the nineteenth century. Bach and Handel wrote no such songs but devoted themselves, after the fashion of their time, to bigger things—cantatas, operas, oratorios, and passions. Their successors, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, did write a considerable number of *Lieder*; but unfortunately they, too, reserved their best melodies for their larger works. Hence it is no injustice to this period to admit only two of its songs to our limited collection.

*Das Veilchen—The Violet*. This is by far the

best of the three dozen or more songs written by Mozart. Goethe's plaintive and dainty poem evidently interested him, and he took pains (as he did in the best pages of his operas) to adapt his music lovingly to the changing moods of the text—the story of the loving violet crushed by the foot of the beloved.

*Adelaide*. Beethoven was twenty-five years old when he composed this song. It became popular at once—so popular, indeed, that he was annoyed and sometimes wished he had never written it; just as Wagner used to be angered when he had to listen, for the thousandth time, to his *Lohengrin* or *Tannhäuser* march. *Adelaide*, never-

theless, remains by far the best of Beethoven's songs. From a strictly formal point of view it is a solo cantata in the old Italian sense of the word rather than a *Lied*; but that need not trouble anybody. The music always reflects the spirit of

the poem, which Beethoven considered "heavenly"; the melody is charming, and no song written up to that time had had such an interesting and varied pianoforte part.

## FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

SCHUBERT was the first of the great masters who gave his very best in his *Lieder*, and for this reason he is justly regarded as the father of the art-song. He was the most spontaneous and inexhaustible melodist of all times and countries; and whereas the operatic arias of Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini are now for the most part faded, because they were written to gratify a transient fashionable taste, Schubert's melodies, written simply for his own satisfaction, are as fresh and fragrant as on the day when they burst into bloom. The best of his songs have never been equalled, not only in melody, but in harmonic modulation, dramatic realism, and power to stir the emotions. Liszt confessed that they often moved him to tears; and many others are affected by them in the same way.

*Der Erlkönig—The Erlking.* Schubert was only seventeen when he wrote that beautiful song, *Margaret at the Spinning Wheel*. In the following year he composed what many judges consider the greatest of all songs, *The Erlking*, the 178th of his *Lieder*. Spaun relates that one afternoon he went with a friend to call on Schubert. They found him all aglow reading Goethe's ballad, *The Erlking*, aloud. He walked up and down the room several times, book in hand, then suddenly sat down and, as fast as his pen could travel, put the superb ballad on paper, nearly in its present form, though he subsequently made some changes. This ballad by the boy Schubert is as splendidly and realistically dramatic as anything Wagner wrote in his most mature years. The incessant galloping triplets in the piano part not only impersonate the horse but conjure up the storm. The coaxing Erlking, the terrified child, the soothing father, have all a language of their own, different from the nar-

ative, and the singer must modify his tone and style accordingly. The dissonance of the child's shriek was something new, thrilling, terrible, epoch-making in music.

*Der Wanderer—The Wanderer.* This is another one of the early songs that reveal Schubert's genius full-fledged. Think of such a song being written in a paroxysm of inspiration in one evening, by a youth of nineteen! In popularity and merit *The Wanderer* is almost on a level with *The Erlking*.

*Der Tod und das Mädchen—Death and the Maiden.* No song ever written has so much genius and emotion condensed into such a few bars as this. Certainly there is none that conjures up a sombre mood with such simple means. "After the poor girl has begged the 'skeleton man' to pass her by because she is so young, how full of gloomy foreboding are the two bars leading over to the second speaker—Death! And while he asks her in soothing words not to dread him, since he has come not to punish but to let her sleep gently in his arms, his monotonous, cavernous tones and the strange modulations tell us his real intentions." Note the simple but wonderful modulations from the words "bin nicht wild" to "schlafen."

*Du bist die Ruh—My Peace thou art.* This song belongs to the same year (1823) as the famous cycle of the *Müller-Lieder*. It is simple and melodious—"one of the most spiritual flights in all song literature," as William Arms Fisher has aptly characterized it.

*Horch, horch, die Lerch—Hark, hark, the Lark.* Schubert set to music verses by eighty-five different poets. Of his three Shaksperian songs the serenade, *Hark, hark, the Lark*, is the



most famous, although *Who is Sylvia?* is also deservedly popular. The circumstances under which the serenade was written admirably illustrate the spontaneity of Schubert's genius. One afternoon, as he was sitting with some friends in the garden of a tavern near Vienna, he saw a volume of Shakspeare on the table. He took it up and turned over the leaves till he came to *Hark, hark, the Lark* (in *Cymbeline*). After looking at it a few moments he exclaimed: "A lovely melody has come into my head; if I only had some music paper!" One of his friends drew a few staves on the back of a bill of fare, and Schubert, undisturbed by the tavern noises, jotted down his delightful song.

*Das Wirthshaus—The Inn (Cemetery)*. Schubert once wrote in his diary that those of his songs which were born of sorrow alone, appeared to give the world the most satisfaction. In the autumn of 1827, a year before his death, he was for a time unusually depressed and melancholy. One day he said to his friend Spaun: "Come to Schober's to-day. I'll sing you a cycle of weird songs. They have affected me more deeply than any others I have written." When the time came, he sang his new cycle, *The Winter Journey*. His friends were dumfounded by the gloomy mood of these songs, and at first did not quite appreciate them. But Schubert said: "I like these songs better than any of the others I have written, and you will come to like them too." He was right, for they all soon became enthusiastic over these melancholy songs, which prove once more that the best in art is usually the ineffably sad. Ineffably sad is *Das Wirthshaus*, the twenty-first of this cycle of twenty-four songs; and what makes this the more remarkable is that it is written in a major key. It must be played with deep expression, and poignant but not exaggerated accents.

*Aufenthalt—My Abode*. The last fourteen songs composed by Schubert were issued in a collection to which the publisher gave the appropriate title of "Swansong." It includes seven of his very best *Lieder*, beside the most popular of them all, the *Serenade*, "*Leise flehen meine Lieder*," which is not so poor as its excessive popularity might lead one to suppose. But the one following it—*Aufenthalt*—is much better. It is one of those songs which made Rubinstein exclaim rapturously: "Once more and a thousand times more, Bach, Beethoven, and Schubert are the three highest pinnacles of music." Vocalists who know how to build up a climax will delight in the high G near the close; and the pianist has a part as superbly energetic as in *The Erlking*. The bass is delightfully melodious, in an imitative way, and the interludes are of incomparable beauty and eloquence.

*Der Doppelgänger—My Phantom Double*. This, the last but one of Schubert's songs, makes his death at the early age of thirty-one seem the greatest calamity that ever occurred in the realm of music. It is not only one of the most wonderful songs ever written, but it opens up a new epoch in the history of the *Lied*. In its vocal recitative, its weird, expressive harmonies, the close correspondence of the music with the text, word by word, it anticipates nearly everything that Schumann, Liszt, Grieg, and the other great song-writers did after him. "The singer's task here is, first of all, to represent and interpret the poet, while to the pianist are intrusted chords as weird, as thrilling, as modern, as those which accompany the music of Erda and Klingsor in Wagner's *Siegfried* and *Parsifal*. . . . It is the most thrilling, the most dramatic of all lyrics, and in penning it Schubert helped to originate the music of the future." When it was written Wagner was a boy of fifteen.

## FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN (1809–1849)

THE people of Poland sing many songs which they attribute to Chopin. The only ones, however, which are certainly known to be his are con-

tained in the collection of seventeen published after his death as Opus 74. Rubinstein called Chopin "the soul of the pianoforte," and it is true

that he devoted himself to that instrument almost exclusively. These songs are, however, a notable exception. Amateurs will find most of them full of charm. They were written in the years 1824 to 1844, and they are for the most part as quaintly exotic and orchidean as his mazurkas.

*Meine Freuden—My Delight.* This is one of the six Chopin songs of which Liszt made such free and poetic transcriptions for the pianoforte alone. It is even more charming in its simpler, yet equally impassioned, original form. The rapture of a kiss has never been more ecstatically portrayed

than in this song about the lips and their uses.

*Zwei Leichen—The Parted Lovers.* A more dismal text has perhaps never been set to music than this poem about two corpses—one that of a soldier, dying in the forest amid the croaking of crows and the howling of wolves; the other that of his sweetheart, dying at the same time in the town to the booming sound of the church bell. It is no disparagement to the music in this case to say that it does not quite equal the poem in grewsomeness. It is simply melancholy and melodious.

### ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810–1856)

LOVE was the chief inspiration of Schumann's songs, as it has been of so many other works of art. In the year of his marriage (1840) he wrote more than a hundred *Lieder*, whereas before that he had devoted himself to the pianoforte alone. He wrote to his fiancée Clara Wieck that he "laughed and wept for joy" in composing these songs; and in other letters: "Without such a bride no one could write such music." "I could sing myself to death, like a nightingale." It is under such conditions that immortal songs are created. Unfortunately, Schumann did not, after 1840, write any more songs till nine years later, when the brain disease to which he succumbed in 1856 had already begun to reduce his genius to mere talent and routine. This explains why his later songs are not equal to the earlier ones. The four here presented rank with the best ever written.

*Widmung—Dedication.* This is one of the most popular of the Schumann songs. Through an accidental oversight it was omitted from the list of "starred" songs in *Songs and Song Writers*; but it is one of the best of all—full of that buoyant rhythmic swing and animation so characteristic of Schumann.

*Die Lotosblume—The Lotus Flower.* This, like *Widmung*, belongs to the group of twenty-six songs called "Myrtle Wreath" and dedicated by the composer to "his beloved bride." Heine's poem about the lotus flower which dreads the

scorching sun and loves the pale moon is so exquisitely perfect that to add music to it seems like painting the lily. But when you hear Schumann's music, you realize that Wagner was right in maintaining that poetry and music are more potent in combination than singly.

*Waldesgespräch—In the Forest.* The legend of the beautiful sorceress Loreley (which was invented by Brentano in 1800) is known to most persons through Heine's poem wherein she is represented as a golden-haired maiden sitting on a rock overhanging the Rhine and luring the fisherman to destruction by her singing (see Liszt's song in this collection). Eichendorff's poem, used by Schumann, makes her roam the forest on horseback and inform the knight who woos her, before he recognizes her as the witch, that he shall never more get out of the forest alive. The mystic and grewsome suggestiveness of such a scene appealed irresistibly to the romantic temperament of the German Schumann and enabled him to reproduce its spirit admirably in his music. As sung by Lilli Lehmann, or Lillian Nordica, this song sends the cold shivers down one's back.

*Ich grolle nicht—I'll not complain.* Of Schumann's two hundred and forty-five songs this is at once the most popular and the most inspired. It forms number six of *Dichterliebe*, a group of sixteen songs from Heine's *Buch der Lieder*. In



## FIFTY MASTERSONGS

these songs the union of the music with the poems is so intimate that, as has been aptly said, "it is sometimes impossible to rid ourselves of the impression that they are the work of one man."

This is particularly so in the case of *Ich grolle nicht*—a superbly effective outburst of woe and despair which proves once more that the best in art is the ineffably sad.

## FRANZ LISZT (1811–1886)

WITH the exception of opera and chamber-music, there is no branch of the divine art in which Liszt did not do original—in fact, epoch-making—work. Next to this versatility his most remarkable trait is his cosmopolitanism. He was equally at home in Paris, Weimar, Budapest, and Rome; a wanderer, like the gypsies whose melodies he adopted. Hungarian, German, Italian, and French traits and influences can be traced in his music; but all have suffered

"a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange;"

—so rich and strange that it has taken the world half a century to learn to appreciate this new art; the difficulty being increased by the fact that his forms were novel as well as his harmonies; and new forms and harmonies are but slowly accepted in music. Of his songs, half a dozen are French, and two of them, *Isten Veled* and *The Three Gypsies*, are Hungarian. The other fifty-one were written to German poems, and have the romantic and emotional qualities of German *Lieder*.

*Die Lorelei*—*The Loreley*. Before Liszt set Heine's famous poem to music the Germans had always sung it to Silcher's simple tune, which has the character of a genuine folk-song. It is a pretty melody and adapts itself well enough to the general mood of the poem. But it is always the same, in all the successive stanzas—the same whether the poet talks about his own melancholy mood, or about the calmly flowing Rhine at sunset, or about the maiden on the rock above, combing her golden hair, or about the enchanting lay she sings,

or about the wild longing which seizes the fisherman in the boat below, or about his heedlessness of the dangerous rocks, and the turbulent waters which finally engulf him. Liszt, on the contrary, saw here the possibilities of a miniature music-drama in which the melody and the expressive harmonies *continually change with the text*, as in a Wagner opera. The result is one of the most enchantingly realistic and dramatic songs in existence, replete with seductive melody, and agitated by a storm worthy of the composer of the *Flying Dutchman*. But let no bungling singer or pianist attempt it!

*Der König von Thule*—*The King of Thule*. Like the *Loreley*, this famous and effective ballad was composed by Liszt in 1841, on the quiet Rhine island Nonnenwerth, in the romantic region near the seven peaks of the Siebengebirge. It has all the beauty and eloquence of a Chopin ballad, with the added advantage of Goethe's emotional poetry. It occurs in his *Faust*.

*Wanderers Nachtlied*—*Wanderer's Night Song*. The charm of this song lies in its harmonies rather than its melody; but if the pianist is a genuine artist the effect is enchanting. Note the *molto tranquillo* and the *sotto voce* called for to express the lull in the tree-tops, when the breezes are at rest, the birds silent, and the nearness of death is suggested. Concerning the wonderful harmonies of this song, Dr. Hueffer has well said: "Particularly the modulation from G major back into the original E major, at the close of the piece, is of surprising beauty."

## RICHARD WAGNER (1813–1883)

EVERYBODY knows that Wagner was a specialist of the opera, as Chopin was of the pianoforte. Yet he, too, wrote a few songs—ten in all. Four of them—*Dors, mon enfant*, *Attente*, *Mignonne*,

and *The Two Grenadiers*—were written in Paris (1839) as potboilers (he got about four dollars apiece for them!). In the following year he wrote *Der Tannenbaum*. The best of his songs, how-

ever, are *Träume* and *Im Treibhaus*, two of five which he composed in 1862. These two are studies to *Tristan and Isolde*, like the preliminary sketches which great artists make of their paintings and which sometimes surpass, in details, the paintings themselves.

*Träume*—*Dreams*. Singers who have never

heard *Tristan and Isolde*, the most characteristic and inspired of Wagner's operas, will get, through this song, a glimpse into an entirely new world of harmonic delights—the thrilling love-music of what may be aptly called the German *Romeo and Juliet*.

### ROBERT FRANZ (1815–1892)

SCHUMANN was the first who discovered the genius of Franz as a song-writer. "Were I to dwell on all the exquisite details in his songs," he wrote, "I should never come to an end." Manuel Garcia, the most eminent teacher in the nineteenth century of the best Italian method (Jenny Lind was one of his pupils), declared that of all German songs Franz's were the best adapted to the voice. Though usually of the declamatory order, they *can* be sung as smoothly as the *bel canto* of the Italians. The secret was indicated by Franz himself: "It is easy to sing my songs if the vocalist saturates himself with the poem and thus endeavors to reproduce the musical content." Liszt repeatedly referred to Franz as the best of the lyric composers. But the greatest compliment was paid to Franz by Wagner, in the days of his exile in Switzerland. When Franz visited him in 1857, he took him to his bookcase and showed him his collection of music. It consisted of some works of Bach and Beethoven and the songs of Franz—nothing more. He also sang some of the Franz songs for the composer in a very dramatic way, and to the end of his life had them sung frequently in his family circle at Bayreuth. This is the more remarkable, because Wagner, while worshipping the old masters, had little love for his contemporaries.

*Bitte*—*Request*. Ambros called this song "the prayer of a deep soul." It must be sung rather slowly, but with the religious fervor of a hymn—for it is a hymn to love, to a woman's dreamy, soulful black eyes.

"For where is any author in the world  
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?"

An American woman, to whom Franz showed

a picture of the wife he had just lost, while the tears were rolling down his cheeks, said to her companion: "Now I understand why his black-eyed song is so beautiful."

*Für Musik*—*For Music*. Mendelssohn (whose own songs are now so stale that none of them was deemed worthy of inclusion in this volume) once found fault with the songs of Franz because "the melody could not be detached from the piano part." As if that were not one of their greatest merits! Franz's songs are melodious not only in the vocal part but in every part of the "accompaniment." Harmony and melody became inseparable, as in the polyphonic works of Bach. Of the two hundred and seventy-nine songs written by Franz, none illustrates this peculiarity better than *Für Musik*, which is like a thicket in which a nightingale sings on every bush. The pianist must heed the directions: *il canto molto espressivo*—the melody to be brought out with deep feeling.

*Widmung*—*Dedication*. Another love-song, inspired, like *Bitte*, by a pair of eyes. "Oh, thank me not for these songs. They are yours, not mine. I read them in your eyes and simply copied them." This was one of Wagner's two favorites among Franz's songs.

*Willkommen, mein Wald*—*Now welcome, my Wood!* The majority of Franz's songs are slow and sad—*andantino* and *larghetto* being his favorite tempi. Of the lively and energetic ones *Willkommen, mein Wald* is a stirring example, with the exhilarating atmosphere of the forest. Oddly enough, Franz once remarked to a friend that he considered this one of his poor songs, and that he had hesitated to print it. Beethoven, in the same way, used to wish he could destroy his *Adelaide*,

which is unquestionably the best of all his songs. These are eccentricities of genius.

*Wonne der Wehmuth—Delight of Melancholy.* Goethe was not the first poet to dwell on the delights of sadness. Fletcher wrote, long before him, "There's naught in this life sweet . . . but only melancholy"; and whole books have been written on "the ecstasy of woe." Milton coined the expression "melodious tear," and Franz's song is

such a tear.

*Es hat die Rose sich beklagt—The Rose complained.* This has always been one of the most popular of Franz's songs, and deservedly so. If played with tenderness and delicacy the music is as fragrant as the rose it immortalizes. Use the pedal, and notice the exquisitely plaintive effect in the pianoforte part of the C following the word "beklagt."

### PETER CORNELIUS (1824–1874)

CORNELIUS was an intimate friend of Liszt and Wagner. He composed several operas, one of which—*The Barber of Bagdad*—had considerable success, though its failure at Weimar so disgusted Liszt that he resigned his post as conductor. Some of the songs of Cornelius are admirable. Like Wagner, he wrote his own poems. He also published a volume of poems without music.

*Ein Ton—The Monotone.* This song is one of the greatest curiosities in all musical literature.

The singer has only one tone throughout the forty-two bars of the composition, and the strangest thing about it is that very few persons realize this fact on hearing it the first time. But while the song is a monotone, it is anything but monotonous. So ingeniously varied is the piano part, and so interesting the harmonies, that the piece deserves to be classed with the mastersongs. Note that the poem suggests the peculiar treatment of the vocal part.

### ANTON RUBINSTEIN (1829–1894)

RUBINSTEIN was one of the most fertile and original melodists of all time, and nowhere does the fount of his melody flow more freely than in his songs, most of which were written to German poems. Not a few of them are trivial and will share the fate of Mendelssohn's. But the best of them have a unique charm. Amateurs will find them easier to sing than most modern songs.

*Der Asra—The Asra.* Schubert himself might have been proud to have written this, one of the most truly vocal, original, and charming songs in existence. What a swing to the melody! and how quaint and exotic are its Oriental intervals at the

words "welche sterben wenn sie lieben"—so appropriate to the romantic story of the Arabic slave, who grows paler every time he sees the princess, because he belongs to the tribe of the Asra, who die when they love.

*Gelb rollt mir zu Füßen—Golden at my Feet.* The quaint Oriental intervals which occur in *Der Asra* characterize also the whole group of Persian songs (Opus 34) which Rubinstein composed to twelve of Bodenstedt's *Songs of Mirza Schaffy*. The most spontaneous, buoyant, and popular of them is this love-song, sung on the banks of the river Kura.

### JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833–1897)

EXPERTS are not agreed as to the rank of Brahms. All, however, admire his chamber-music and some of his songs. In Germany and England the songs of Brahms are at present almost as popular as

Mendelssohn's were at one time; nor can it be denied that some of them, notably the three here presented, are very good, and likely to endure.

*Wie bist du meine Königin—My Queen.* There



is a languor and a sweetness in this song of ecstatic love that suggest the rich fragrance of a tuberosé. In studying this and the other Brahms songs, remember that, as Mrs. Wodehouse has well said, in them the accompaniment stands in the same relation to the voice part as the piano-forte part stands to the violin in a sonata written for those two instruments.

*Minnelied—Love Song.* It may seem odd that the best two of Brahms's songs should have been

inspired by poems of love, for he was never married; but love exercises its creative spell even over bachelor composers. The *Minnelied* (*Minne* is the old German word for *Liebe*, or *love*) seems to the editor the most inspired and delightful of Brahms's compositions.

*Wie Melodien zieht es mir—A Thought like Music.* Groth's poem seems to demand a musical setting, and Brahms has given it one which is both appropriate and beautiful.

### ADOLF JENSEN (1837–1879)

ALTHOUGH Jensen wrote some admirable piano-forte pieces, he may nevertheless be classed with the song specialists, for the best products of his genius are to be found among his one hundred and sixty songs. In America he has never received the attention he deserves, but in Germany he is popular, and some of the experts rank him as high as Franz, or even higher. His idols were Schumann and Wagner.

*Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang'—Press thy cheek against mine own.* This is the first of his songs which Jensen considered good enough to print. It is a splendid setting of Heine's famous love-poem, full of emotion, with a touching melody and stirring voluptuous harmonies. Few songs are at the same time so good and so popular.

*Wenn durch die Piazzetta—When through the Piazzetta.* While *Press thy cheek* is one of those songs with which every one falls in love at first hearing, this and the following one are of the kind which must be studied with devotion before their ravishing beauty becomes apparent and haunts

the memory. When his genius was in its full maturity, Jensen became enamoured of English poetry and he set to music seven poems by Burns, seven by Moore, four by Cunningham, six by Scott, and six by Tennyson. So anxious was he to preserve the spirit and fragrance of these poems that in composing them he consulted several translations beside the originals. He considered these, justly, the best of his lyrics, and referred to them, in 1877, as "my last and grandest excursion in the land of song."

*Leis' rudern hier, mein Gondolier!—Row gently here, my Gondolier!* Of the innumerable Venetian boat-songs this is surely the most delightful. Arnold Niggli, in his book on Jensen, writes regarding these two songs, that "in *When through the Piazzetta*, in which the guitar-like accompaniment emphasizes its character as a serenade, the singer's love ardor is touched by a breath of melancholy; while the second serenade, *Row gently here*, floats dreamily on the waters like the soft light of the moon."

### PIOTR ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–1893)

IN London concert halls the two most popular composers at the beginning of the twentieth century are Wagner and Tchaïkovsky. So far, however, Tchaïkovsky is known chiefly as a writer for the orchestra. Of his one hundred songs only a few have been brought forward, although there are many gems among them. Their day will come.

No poet has inspired so many first-class songs

as Heinrich Heine. The highly concentrated feeling in his poems makes them specially suitable for musical setting. *Warum sind denn die Rosen so blass?—Why so pale are the roses?* is an excellent example. Note how the poet himself leads up to the splendid climax in the music, when the absence of the beloved is made responsible for all the sadness in nature and life.



*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*—None but the lonely Heart. Though one of the earliest of Tchaïkovsky's compositions (Opus 6), this song displays the ripest musicianship, and is one of the best settings of Goethe's oft-composed poem. "Written with tears at his heart," as James Huneker says, "*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt* is fit to keep company with the best songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and Brahms. In intensity of feeling and in the repressed tragic note this song has few peers. It is a microcosm of the whole Ro-

mantic movement."

*Déception—Disappointment.* With the possible exception of Germany, no country has so many of the fragrant wild flowers we call folk-songs as Russia. The majority are of a melancholy cast. Tchaïkovsky's *Disappointment* has the characteristics of a genuine Russian folk-song, and its sadness is intensified by the poignant harmonies with which the composer of the Pathetic Symphony knew how to express the "ecstasy of woe."

### ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK (1841–1904)

THE engagement of Antonín Dvořák as director, for several years, of the National Conservatory of Music in New York, by Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, is a good illustration of the influence women have so often exerted on musical affairs; for it led to the composition of the greatest symphony and the finest chamber-music ever written in America. It is in the several branches of instrumental music that Dvořák has done his best work; yet some of his vocal pieces—notably his Gypsy

Songs—are very beautiful too.

*Als die alte Mutter—As my dear old Mother.* Every one who has heard the slow movement of the *New World* symphony knows that Dvořák is a man of deep feeling. This song about the aged mother gives further proof of that fact; it doubtless owes some of its fervor to reminiscent filial devotion. Bohemian music is particularly rich and varied in its rhythms, and the rhythms of this song are difficult and need careful study.

### JULES MASSENET (1842– )

FRANCE has produced no song specialists comparable to Schubert, Franz, or Jensen; and, while Gounod, Bizet, Saint-Saëns, Berlioz, and other masters wrote a considerable number of romances, they hardly ever put their best melodies into them, reserving these, as the Germans did before Schubert, for their operas and other large works. Massenet's fame, too, is based chiefly on his operas and choral works; yet he wrote several excellent songs.

*Elégie—Elegy.* Of all the songs ever written in France this is probably the best. It is one of

the few Parisian productions to which one cannot apply Liszt's criticism that French *chansons* and *romances* lack the *Sehnsucht* and *Gemüth*—the sentimental yearning and romanticism that are essential to the genuine *Lied*. Massenet's *Elégie* is not only a beautiful "mélodie" as he calls it, but it has the true elegiac *Innigkeit*, or soulfulness. The piano part, also, is made exceptionally interesting by imitative touches; that is, bars in which it echoes the melody. These must be played with fervent expression.

### EDVARD GRIEG (1843– )

JUST as every European country has its own picturesque national costumes and customs, so it has its peculiar folk-music, which an expert easily recognizes. Grieg's wonderful melodies have some of the rugged, sombre, irregular, abrupt qualities

of Norwegian folk-song. But they are, with very few exceptions, of his own invention. Even more exotic and individual are his harmonies, which are as novel, daring, and fascinating as those of Schubert, Chopin, and Wagner. Grieg has, in-

deed, created the latest harmonic atmosphere in music. His harmonies are "caviare to the general," but musical epicures delight in their freshness and piquancy, their surprises, and their avoidance of commonplaces. Grieg's songs are like Wagner's operas inasmuch as they open up an entirely new world of musical enchantments.

*Vom Monte Pincio—From Monte Pincio.* The Pincio, in Rome, used to be known as the "hill of gardens." Here two thousand years ago were the famous gardens of the millionaire Lucullus, and many memories of mediæval events are associated with the place, too. At present it is a fashionable resort and drive, and in the evening, when there is music, it presents a gay scene. Björnson touches on the various points of view which occur to a poet's observant and reminiscent mind on a visit to this picturesque place; and Grieg's music, with a realistic art worthy of both Schubert and Liszt, reproduces all these aspects in his music—the glowing sunset, the swarming people, the domes of the city below, the mists calling up dim memories of the past and prophecies as to a future awakening of Rome to her former glory. Note how the opening chords conjure up the sunset mood; how the music grows funereal at the words "face of the dead"; note the echo-like sounds of the mountain horns; the fine contrast provided by the recurring gay melody (*vivo*); and many other exquisite details.

*Mit einer Primula veris—The First Primrose.* This is perhaps the best song for a first introduction to Grieg. Its ravishing melody enraptures the senses at a first hearing, and every one will agree that it is the loveliest of spring songs. All the tenderness of a flower, the fragrance of spring, the buoyancy of youth, are in this song of a lover who offers the first primrose of spring to his sweetheart in exchange for her heart.

*Ein Schwan—A Swan.* This is not only one of the most popular songs in modern concert halls, but is also one of the grandest ever composed. No one should attempt to sing it unless endowed with sufficient dramatic feeling to bring

out the deeper meaning of Ibsen's poem, the varied expression, and, especially, the superb climax where the swan, after a life-long silence, sings at last. Grieg, in a letter to the editor, has called particular attention to the fact that the words "Ja da, da sangst du" should be sung "*sempre fortissimo*, if possible even with a *cre-scendo*, and by no means *diminuendo* and *piano*."

*An einem Bache—At the Brookside.* When Grieg became acquainted, in 1880, with the poems of Vinje, he was "all aflame with enthusiasm," to use his own words, and in less than a fortnight he wrote a group of more than a dozen songs, to which this and the following one belong. In both of them we have Grieg at his very best, and in his most characteristic Norwegian mood. Here we come across melodic intervals and harmonic progressions so strange that at first they may seem to some persons almost like misprints; but after the ear has become habituated to them they assume an unearthly beauty. The charm of this original musical physiognomy grows on one like the expression of a face that indicates character as well as beauty.

*Die alte Mutter—The Old Mother.* A charming song of filial love and gratitude, which shows, like Dvořák's, that the romantic infatuation for a beautiful girl is not the only kind of love that inspires immortal music. Here the music is not so inseparably associated with the poem as in *Monte Pincio* and *A Swan*; but what a glorious melody, and what quaint, original harmonies!

*Das Kind der Berge—The Mountain Maid.* Grieg did not write much music in the last decade of the nineteenth century, because of his poor health. A few years ago, however, there appeared a group of eight songs, as Opus 67, under the general title of *The Mountain Maid*. It includes several gems, and the one selected for this volume is one of his most delightfully melodious and harmonically quaint and original *Lieder*, combining the freshness of youth with the depth of mature genius, and a touch of the Norwegian melancholy.



## BENJAMIN GODARD (1849–1895)

JUST as, in Germany, Franz and Jensen wrote better songs than Mozart and Beethoven, so, in France, Godard and Delibes were better in this line than men of bigger calibre, like Berlioz, Gounod, and Saint-Saëns. Among the hundred or more songs written by Godard there is an unusual proportion of good ones,—songs that bear repetition well,—including the fine dramatic bal-

lad *The Traveller* and the quaintly exotic *Arabian Song*.

*Chanson de Florian—Florian's Song*. The great popularity of this song is entirely deserved; for although it is somewhat less weighty than the other songs in this collection, it has a masterly melody, rising in "c'est mon ami" to a splendid emotional climax.

## IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI (1860– )

THE greatest of living pianists has heretofore devoted himself chiefly to composition for orchestra and pianoforte. His opera *Manru*, which has been produced so successfully in European and American cities, contains melodies (like "Einsam bin ich" and the Cradle Song) which would have made fine lyrical songs. His only *Lieder*, so far, are the six published as Opus 18. They deserve to be more widely known than they are at present.

*Ach! die Qualen—Ah! the Torment!* At first sight this seems almost like a cheerful song written to a plaintive, sentimental text; but if the singer and the player understand the Polish *rubato*, and the Polish *zal*,—a mixture of tenderness, agitation, humility, regret, resignation,—the composition will appear in its true light. It might be called a mazurka for the voice. The *meno mosso* part is enchantingly Paderewskian.

## EDWARD MACDOWELL (1861– )

EDWARD MACDOWELL has placed American music, so far as the art-song is concerned, on a level with the best that is done in Europe. Among his forty-five songs there are only a few (the earliest ones) that do not in every bar betray his genius for creating original melodies and harmonies. He is intensely modern, and "a regiment of soldiers could not make him write a stale melody or a platitudinous succession of chords, such as constitute the stock in trade of most song-writers." All singers will remember the day of their first acquaintance with MacDowell's songs as one of the most delightful in their experience. The best collection to begin with is the one entitled *Eight Songs*, which includes *The Robin sings in the Apple Tree*, *The West Wind croons in the Cedar Trees*, and others that have become favorites in the home and the concert hall.

*The Sea*. One advantage possessed by the MacDowell songs is that they were written for the

most part to English or American poems, some of the best ones being by himself. His setting of W. D. Howells's *The Sea* has been aptly called by James Huneker "the strongest song of the sea since Schubert's *Am Meer*." The rare poetic art with which Howells brings before our eyes the picture of the lover sailing away to sea, while the beloved stands on the shore and cries; followed by the picture of the wreck, and the lover lying asleep, far under, dead in his coral bed—is duplicated in the music, which shows a marvellous gift of emotional coloring in its harmonies, and is, in all other respects, a perfect song; the best, with the possible exception of his *Menie*, ever written in America. It is thanks to the kindness of the most famous of German music publishers, Breitkopf and Härtel, that it is possible to insert this copyrighted composition in this collection of mastersongs.

## RICHARD STRAUSS (1864— )

RICHARD STRAUSS (who is not related to the “waltz-king”) is the best-praised and the best-abused of contemporary German composers. The dispute is chiefly over his symphonic poems; his songs are admired by all. There are more than half a hundred, and while most of them are difficult to sing and play, they are worth careful study.

*New York, March, 1902.*

*Ständchen—Serenade.* Within the last few years this serenade has become one of the most popular pieces in our concert halls. If played by a nimble and intelligent pianist and sung by a vocalist of the dramatic type, it never fails to produce a fine effect, and to arouse a desire for further acquaintance with the works of this gifted young composer.

*Henry T. Finck*



### THE MYSTERY OF SONG

*The sound of music that is born of human breath,  
Comes straighter from the soul than any strain  
The hand alone can make.*

*As he sang—*

*Of what I know not, but the music touched  
Each chord of being—I felt my secret life  
Stand open to it, as the parched earth yawns  
To drink the summer rain; and at the call  
Of those refreshing waters, all my thought  
Stir from its dark and secret depths, and burst  
Into sweet, odorous flowers, and from their wells  
Deep call to deep, and all the mystery  
Of all that is, laid open.*

ANON.

FIFTY MASTERSONGS



# THE VIOLET

## (DAS VEILCHEN)

(Composed in 1785)

(Original Key)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

(1756-1791)

*Allegretto.*

VOICE

PIANO

The first system of the musical score. It features a voice part on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto.' The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a forte (*f*) section towards the end of the system.

*p*  
A vio - let. blos - somed on the green With low - ly stem and  
Ein Veil - chen auf der Wie - se stand, ge - bückt in sich und

The second system of the musical score, continuing the piano accompaniment from the first system. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in the key of F# and 2/4 time. The piano part continues with various dynamics and articulations.

bloom un - seen; It was a love - ly vio - let! A  
un - be - kannt; es war ein her - zigs Veil - chen. Da

The third system of the musical score. It continues the piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The voice part continues with the lyrics.



shep-herd maid - en came that way, With light - some step and as - pect gay, Came  
kam ein' jun - ge Schä - fer - in mit leicht - tem Schritt und mun - term Sinn da -

near, came near, came o'er the green with song.  
her, da - her, die Wie - se her, und sang.

"Ah!" thought the vio - let, —  
Ach, denkt das Veil - chen, —

"Might I be The fair - est flow - er on the lea, Ah! but  
wär' ich nur die schön - ste Blu - me der Na - tur, ach! nur —

— for one brief hour! And might be plucked by that dear maid And  
 — ein klei - nes Weil - chen, bis mich das Lieb - chen ab - ge - pflückt, und

gen - tly on her bo - som laid, Ah! but, ah! but a  
 an dem Bu - sen matt ge - drückt, ach! nur, ach! nur ein

few dear mo - ments long! Ah! but a - las! the maid - en  
 Vier - tel - stünd - chen lang. Ach! a - ber ach! das Mäd - chen

passed, No eye up - on the vio - let cast, But crushed —  
 kam und nicht in Acht das Veil - chen nahm, er - trat —

*rall.*

the love - ly flow - er! It sank and died, and  
 das ar - me Veil - chen: es sank und starb und

*stringendo*

heaved no sigh, "For if I die, I die thro' her, I die thro'  
 freut' sich noch: und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch durch sie, durch

*cresc.*

*rall.*

her, Be - neath her feet I diel" O ten - dor  
 sie, zu ih - ren Fü - ssen doch! Das ar - me

*rall.*

*f*

*p a piacere*

*arpeggio*

*a tempo*

*f*

vio - let! It was a love - ly vio - let!  
 Veil - chen! es war ein her - zigs Veil - chen!

*a tempo*

*f*

*p*



## ADELAÏDE

(Composed in 1795)

(Original Key)

FRIEDRICH von MATTHISSON (1761 - 1831)

*Translated by John S. Dwight*

LUDWIG van BEETHOVEN, Op. 46

(1770 - 1827)

Larghetto

PIANO

*dolce e piano*

*p*

Lone - ly      wan - ders    thy  
Ein - sam      wan - delt    dein

friend in spring's green\_ gar - den, Mild - ly stream - eth the mag - ic light a -  
*Freund im Früh - lings - gar - ten, mild vom lieb - lich - en Zau - ber - licht um -*



round him, As through trem - - bling flow - 'ry branch - es it  
 flo - ssen, das durch wan - - kende Bli - then - zwei - ge —

quivers, A - de-la - i - de!  
 zit-tert, A - de-la - i - de!

A - de-la - i - de! In the mir - ror-like  
 A - de-la - i - de! In der spie - geln-den

stream, in Al - - pine snow-fields, In the  
 Fluth, im Schnee der Al - pen, in des

clouds' gold - englow at day's de - clin - ing, In the star - fields of  
 sin - ken - den Ta - ges Gold - ge - wöl - ke, im Ge - fil - de der

heav - en gleams thine im - age, thine im - age, A - de - la -  
 Ster - ne strahlt dein Bild - niss, dein Bild - niss, A - de - la -

*p* *f*

i - de! In the clouds' gold - englow at day's de -  
 - i - de! In des sin - ken - den Ta - ges Gold - ge -

*fp*

clin - ing, In the star - fields of heav - en,  
 wöl - ke, im Ge - fil - de der Ster - ne

*più cresc.* *f* *ff*



*p*

gleams \_\_\_\_\_ thine\_ im - age, thine\_ im - age,  
 strahlt \_\_\_\_\_ dein\_ Bild - niss, dein\_ Bild - niss,

*p*

*decresc.*

*pp*

A - - de - la - i - de!  
 A - - de - la - i - de!

*pp*

*pp*

*p*

Eve - ning  
 A - bend -

*pp*

winds in the ten-der leaves are whisp'ring,  
 lüft - chen im zar - ten Lau - be flüs - tern,

*pp*

Sil - ver May - bells a - mid the cool grass rus - tling, Waves are  
 Sil - ber - glöck - chen des Mai's in Gra - se säu - seln, Wel - len

mur - m'ring, and night - in - gales keep trill - ing,  
 rau - schen, und Nach - ti - gal - len flö - ten,

Waves are mur - m'ring, and night - in - gales keep  
 Wel - len rau - schen, und Nach - ti - gal - len

trill - ing; A - de - la - i -  
 flö - ten, A - de - la - i -



de! Eve - ning winds in the ten - der leaves are whisp'ring, Sil ver  
de! A - bend - lüft - chen im zar - ten Lau - be flüs - tern Sil - ber

May - bells a - mid the cool grass rus - tling, Waves are mur - m'ring, and night - in - gales keep  
glöck - chen des Mai's im Gra - se säu - seln, Wel - len rau - schen und Nach - ti - gal - len

trill - ing, and night - in - gales keep trill - ing: A - - de - - la -  
flö - ten, und Nach - ti - gal - len flö - ten: A - - de - - la -

i - de! A - - de - - la - i - de!  
i - de! A - - de - - la - i - de!

## Allegro molto

*p*

Soon, O won-der! O won-der! up - on my grave be - hold it,  
 Einst, O Wun-der! O Wun-der! ent - blüht auf mei - nem Gra-be,

*p* *sf* *f*

O won-der! up - on my grave be - hold it,  
 O Wun-der! ent - blüht auf mei - nem Gra - be

*f* *ff* *p* *legato*

Springs a blos - som from out my heart's cold ash - es, from out my  
 ei - ne Blu - me der A - sche mei - nes Her - zens, der A - sche

*cresc.*

'heart's cold ash - es; Clear - ly shin-ing, Clear - ly shin-ing on  
 mei - nes Her - zens; deut - lich schim-mert, deut - lich schim-mert auf

*cresc.*



ev-'ry pur-ple pet-al, on ev-'ry pur-ple pet-al: A - de-la-  
 je-dem Pur-pur-blätt-chen, auf je-dem Pur-pur-blätt-chen: A - de-la-

i - de! A - - de-la - i - de!  
 i - de! A - - de-la - i - de!

Soon, O won-der! soon, O won-der!  
 Einst, O Wun-der! einst, O Wun-der!

Yes, soon on my grave, yes, on my grave be - hold it,  
 ent - blüht, ach, ent - blüht auf mei - nem Gra - be

Springs a blos - som from out my heart's cold ash - es, a blos - som from  
 ei - ne Blu - me der A - sche mei - nes Her - zens, der A - sche

out my heart's ash - es; Clear - ly shin - ing, Clear - ly shin - ing on  
 mei - nes Her - zens; deut - lich schim - mert, deut - lich schim - mert auf

ev - 'ry purple pet - al, on ev - 'ry pur - ple pet - al: A - de - la - i - de,  
 je - dem Pur - pur - blätt - chen, auf je - dem Pur - pur - blätt - chen: A - de - la - i - de!

A - - - de - la - i - de, Clear - ly shin - ing on  
 A - - - de - la - i - de! deut - lich schim - mert auf



ev - 'ry pur - ple pet - al, on ev - 'ry pur - ple pet - al:  
 je - dem Pur - pur - blätt - chen, auf je - dem Pur - pur - blätt - chen:

*cresc.*  
 A - - de - la - i - - de,  
 A - - de - la - i - - de!

*p cresc. ff ff*

*p ff*  
 A - - de - la - i - - de!  
 A - - de - la - i - - de,

*p cresc. ff ff p*

*pp*  
 A - de - la - i - de,  
 A - de - la - i - de!

*calando pp*

# THE ERLKING (DER ERLKÖNIG)

(Composed in 1815)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

*Translated by Arthur Westbrook**(Original Key)*

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op.1

(1797-1828)

Allegro (Schnell) ♩ = 152

PIANO

Who rid - eth so late through night and  
Wer rei - tet so spät durch Nacht und

wind?                      It is the fa - ther with his  
Wind?                      Es ist der Va - ter mit sei - nem

child;                      He has the boy so safe in his  
Kind                      er hat den Kna ben wohl in dem

arm,                      He holds him tight - ly, he holds him warm.  
Arm,                      er fasst ihn si - cher, er h"alt ihn warm.

My son, in  
Mein Sohn, was



ter - ror why hid - est thy face? Oh,  
 birgst du so bang dein Ge - sicht? Siehst,

*cresc.* *f* *(pp)*

fa - ther, see, the Erl - king is nigh!  
 Va - ter, du den Erl - kö - nig nicht?

*mf*

The Erl - king dread - ed, with crown and  
 den Er - len - kö - nig mit Kron' und

*p* *mf*

robel! My son, 'tis but a streak of mist.  
 Schweif? Mein Sohn, es ist ein Ne - bel - streif.



"My dear - est child, come,  
 „Du lie - bes Kind, komm,

*decresc.* *pp*

go with me! Such mer - ry  
 geh' mit mir! gar schö - ne

plays I'll play with thee. For  
 Spie - le spiel' ich mit dir; manch'

man - y gay flow - ers are bloom - ing  
 bun - te Blu - men sind an dem

there, And my moth - er has man - y gold - - en robes for  
 Strand, mei - ne Mut - ter hat manch gül - - den Ge -

thee." My fa - ther, my fa - ther, and hear - est thou not What the  
 wand:— Mein Va - ter, mein Va - ter, und hö - rest du nicht, was

*f* *p*

Erl - king whis - pers so soft in my ear? Be  
 Er - len - kö - nig mir lei - se ver - spricht? Sei

*decresc.*

qui - et, oh, be qui - et, my child; 'Tis but the dead leaves stirred by the  
 ru - hig, blei - be ru - hig, mein Kind: in dürr - ren Blät - tern säu - selt der



wind.  
Wind.

"Come, love - ly — boy, wilt thou go with me? My —  
„Willst, fei - ner — Kna - be, du mit mir gehn? mei - ne

*ppp*

daugh - ters fair shall wait on thee, There my daugh - ters — lead in the  
Töch - ter sol - len dich war - ten schön; mei - ne Töch - ter — füh - ren den

rev - els each night, They'll sing and they'll dance and they'll rock thee to sleep, They'll  
nächt - ti - chen Reihn und wie - gen und tan - zen und sin - gen dich ein, sie

sing and they'll dance and they'll rock thee to sleep." My  
wie - gen und tan - zen und sin - gen dich ein." Mein

*f*

fa - ther, my fa - ther, and see - est thou not the Erl-king's daugh - ters in  
 Va - ter, mein Va - ter, und siehst du nicht dort Erl - kö - nigs Töch - ter am

yon dim spot? My son, my son, I  
 dü - scern Ort? Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich

*decresc.*

see, and I know 'Twas on - ly the old - en wil - low so gray.  
 seh' es ge - nau, es schei - nen die al - ten Wei - den so grau.

*cresc.* *ff*

I  
 „Ich

*p*



love thee so, thy beau - ty has rav - ished my sense; And, will - ing or  
 lie - be dich, mich reizt dei - ne schö - ne Ge - stalt, und bist du nicht

*pp*

not, I will car - ry thee hence." My fa - ther, my  
 wil - lig, so brauch' ich Ge - walt." Mein Va - ter, mein

*fff*

fa - ther, now grasps he my arm, The Erl - king has  
 Va - ter, jetzt fasst er mich an! Erl - kö - nig

seized me, has done me harm! The  
 hat mir ein Leid's ge - than! Dem

*accelerando*

fa - ther shud - ders, he rides like the wind, He  
 Va - ter grau - set's, er rei - tet ge - schwind, er

*cresc.*

clasps to his bos - om the pale, sob - bing child;  
 hält in Ar - men das äch - zen - de Kind,

*ff*

He reach - es home with fear and  
 er - reicht den Hof mit Müh' und

*f*

*Recit.*

dread;  
 Noth;

Clasped in his arms — the child was dead.  
 in sei-nen Ar - men das Kind war todt.

*Andante*

*fp* *pp* *p* *f*

# THE WANDERER

## (DER WANDERER)

(Composed in 1816)

GEORG FILIPP SCHMIDT (1766-1849)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, C# minor)

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 4, No. 1

(1797-1828)

Lento (♩ = 63)

PIANO

I come here from my mountains lone,  
Ich kom - me vom Ge - bir - ge her,

The vale is dim,                      The sea doth moan,    the sea doth  
es dampft das Thal,                      es braust das Meer,    es braust das

moan.  
Meer.

I wan - der on with pain and care,  
Ich wand - le — still, bin we - nig froh,



And ev - er asks my sigh - ing, "Where?" ev - er, "Where?" The  
 und im - mer fragt der Seuf - zer: Wo? im - mer Wo? Die

*pp* *ppp*

sun to me seems here so cold, The flow'rs are faded and life is old. Their  
 Son - ne dünkt mich hier so kalt, die Blü - the welk, das Le - ben alt, und

*pp*

speech doth seem but emp - ty sound, I feel a stran - ger ev' - ry - where.  
 was sie re - den, lee - rer Schall, ich bin ein Fremd - ling ü - ber - all.

*pp*

*Più mosso (Etwas geschwinder)*

Where art thou, where art thou, My be - lov - ed land? In  
 Wo bist du, wo bist du, mein ge - lieb - tes Land? ge -

*mf*

hope, I seek, yet nev - er  
 sucht, ge - ahnt, und nie ge -

*p* *pp*

## Allegro (Geschwind)

know. That land, that land where hope is green,  
 kannt! Das Land, das Land so hoff-nungs-grün,

*fp*

where hope is green, The land where ro-ses  
 so hoff-nungs-grün, das Land, wo mei-ne

*f* *p*

bloom for me; Where roam the friends so dear to me, Where all my dead will  
 Ro-sen blüh'n, wo mei-ne Freun-de wan-delnd geh'n, wo mei-ne Tod-ten

*cresc.* *f*

live a-gain, That land where they my lan-guage speak, O land, where  
 auf-er-steh'n, das Land, das mei-ne Spra-che spricht, o Land, wo

*fp*



Tempo, Adagio\_ (Wie anfangs, sehr langsam)

art thou? I wan - der  
bist du? Ich wand - le

*fp* *pp* *dim.*

on with pain and care, And ev - er asks my sigh - ing,  
still, bin we - nig froh, und im - mer fragt der Seuf - zer:

"Where?" ev - er "Where?" In spir - it - voice the ans - wer comes:  
wo? im - mer wo? Im Gei - ster - hauch tönt's mir zu - rück:

*pp* *ppp*

"There, where thou art not, there is thy rest!"  
„Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!"

*fp*



# DEATH AND THE MAIDEN

## (DER TOD UND DAS MÄDCHEN)

(Composed in 1817)

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS (1743-1815)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, D minor)

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 7, No 3

(1797-1828)

**PIANO**

Moderato (Mässig)  $\text{♩} = 54$

*poco più moto (Etwas geschwinder)*

(THE MAIDEN) Pass on - ward, Oh! pass on - ward, Go,  
(DAS MÄDCHEN) Vor - ü - ber! ach, vor - ü - ber! geh'

wild and blood - less man! I am still young, A -  
wil - der Kno - chen-mann! Ich bin noch jung, geh;

*CRISTO.*

way then, and touch me not, I pray, Oh, touch me not, I pray.  
lie - ber! und rüh - re mich nicht an, und rüh - re mich nicht an.

## Tempo I

(DEATH) Give me thy hand, my fair and ten - der  
(DER TOD) Gieb dei - ne Hand, du schön und zart Ge -

*pp dim.*

child, As friend I come, and not to — chas — ten. Be of good  
bild! bin Freund und kom - me nicht zu — stra — fen. Sei gu - tes

cheer! I bring thee rest; To sleep with - in these fond arms has -  
Muths! ich bin nicht wild, sollst sanft in mei - nen Ar - men schla -

ten!  
fen!

## MY PEACE THOU ART

(DU BIST DIE RUH)

(Composed in 1823)

(Original Key)

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866)

Translated by Edward Rowland Sill

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 59, No. 3

(1797-1828)

Larghetto (Langsam)

PIANO

*pp*

My peace thou art, thou  
Du bist die Ruh, der

art my rest; From thee my pain, in thee so  
Frie - de mild, die Sehn - sucht du, und was sie

blest: stillt. En - ter mine eyes, this heart draw  
Ich wei - he dir voll Lust und



near, O come, O dwell for ev - er here,  
Schmerz zur Woh - nung hier mein Aug' und Herz,

for ev - er here.  
mein Aug' und Herz.

*pp*

En - ter, and close the door, and  
Kehr' ein bei mir, und schlie - sse

come, And be this breast thine end - less home;  
du still hin - ter dir die Pfor - ten zu.

Shut out all woe, — all less-er care and woe, I would thy  
 Treib' an - dern Schmerz — aus die - ser Brust! voll sei dies

hurt — and heal - ing — know, — thy hurt and heal - ing  
 Herz — von dei - ner — Lust, — von dei - ner —

know. —  
 Lust. —

Clear light that on my soul hath shone, my  
 Dies Au - gen - zelt, von dei - nem Glanz al -




soul hath shone, — Still let it shine — from thee a —  
 lein er hellt, — o — füll' es — ganz, — o — füll' es —

*f* *pp*



lone, — Clear light that on my  
 ganz! — Dies Au — gen — zelt, von



\*  
 soul hath shone, my soul hath shone, — Still let it —  
 dei — nem Glanz al — lein er hellt, — o — füll' es —

*cresc.* *f* *pp*



shine — from thee a — lone. —  
 ganz, — o — füll' es — ganz! —

\*) According to the original edition . The original M S has not been found.



## HARK! HARK! THE LARK

(HORCH, HORCH, DIE LERCH!)

Serenade from "Cymbeline"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

(Composed in 1826)

German of first verse by A. W. Schlegel

(Original Key)

Second and third German verses added by Fr. Reil, and

FRANZ SCHUBERT (Posthumous)

Translated by Isabella G. Parker

(1797-1828)

Allegretto

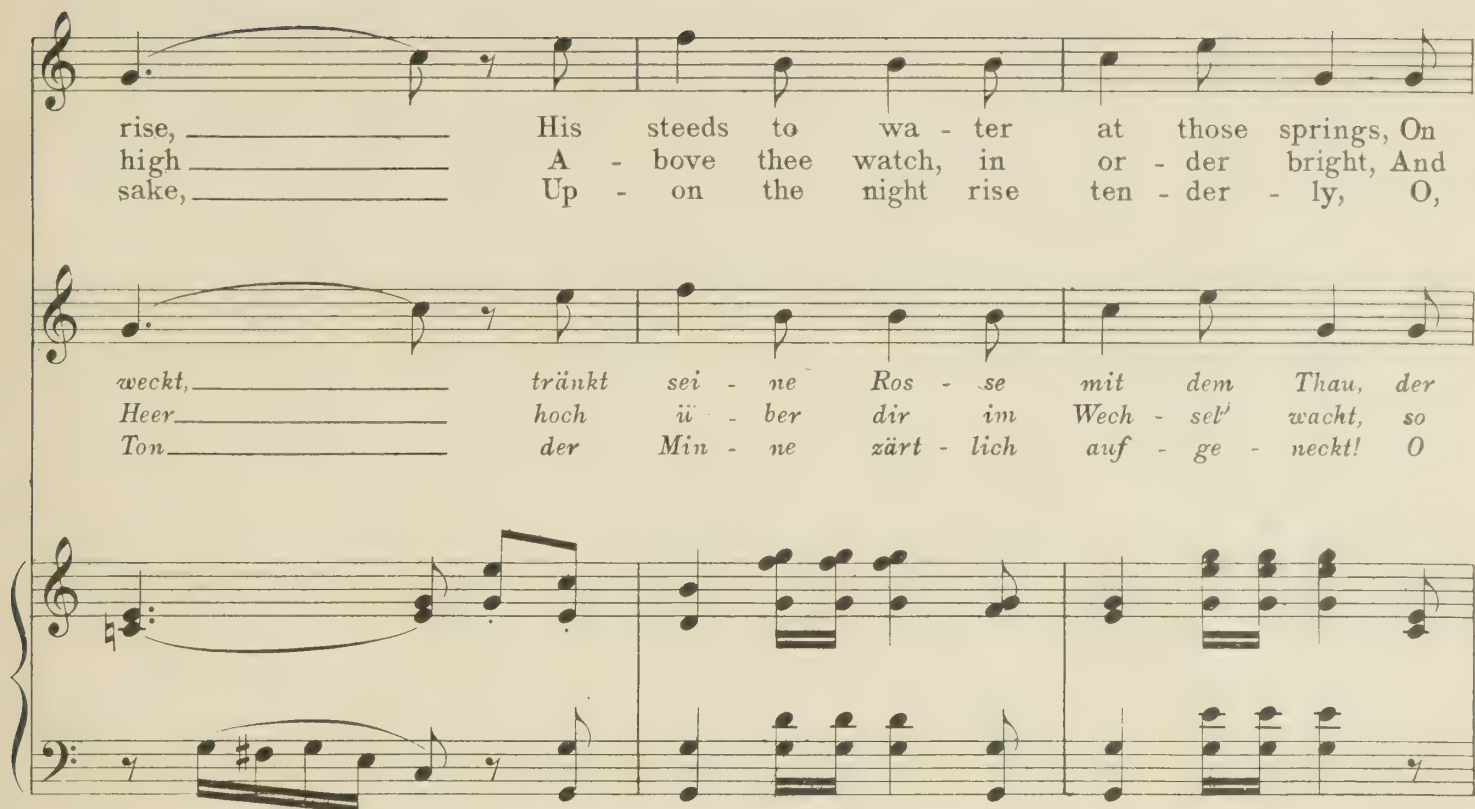
VOICE

PIANO

Fine

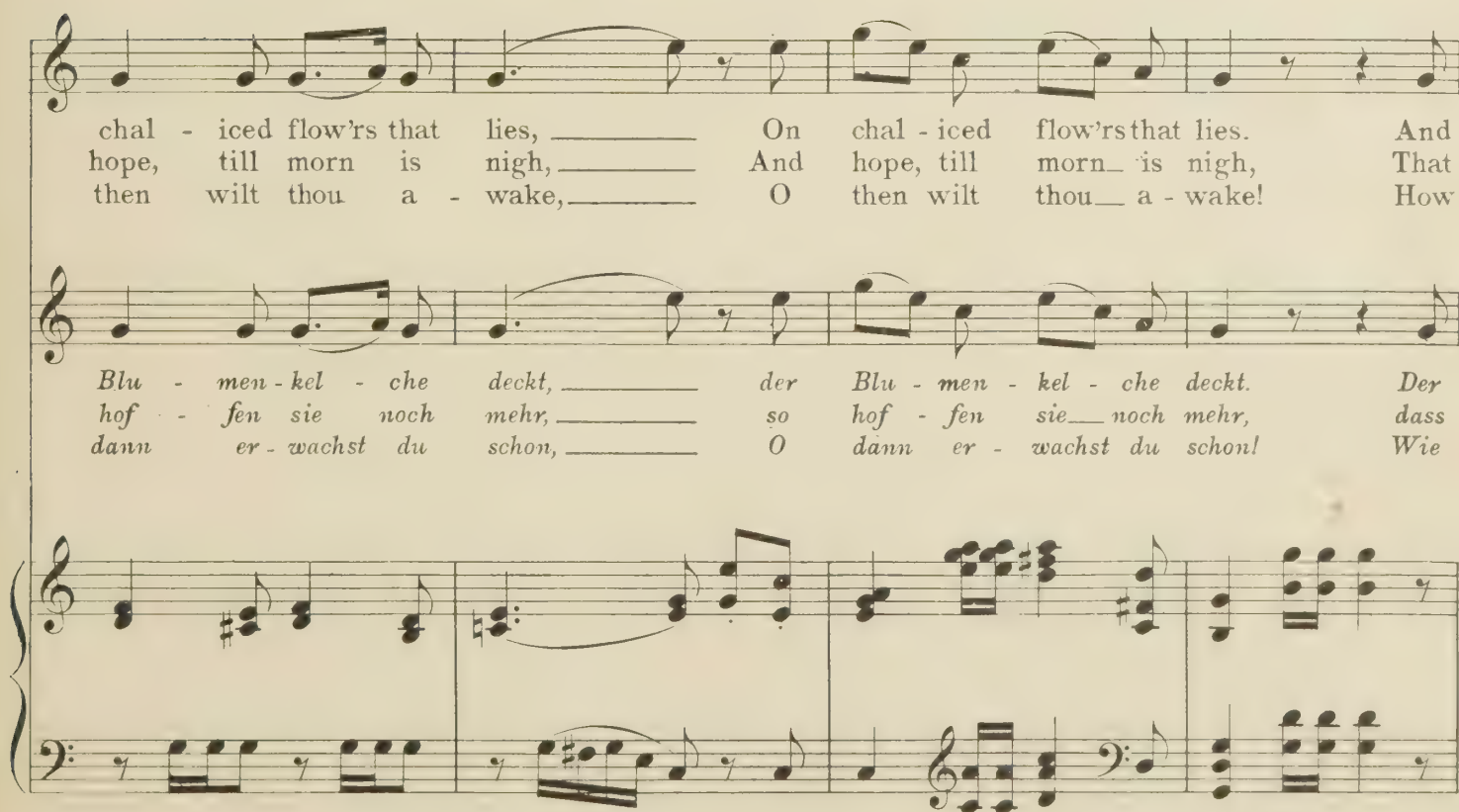
1. Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings, And Phoe - bus 'gins\_\_ to  
 2. Through all the si - lent, love - ly night The star - ry hosts\_\_ on  
 3. If this doth not a - wak - en thee, When love - songs, for\_\_ thy

1. Horch, horch, die Lerch' im Ae - ther blau! und Phö - bus, neu er -  
 2. Wenn schon die lie - be gan - ze Nacht der Ster - ne lich - tes  
 3. Und wenn dich al - les das nicht weckt, so wer - de durch\_\_ den



rise, \_\_\_\_\_ His steeds to wa - ter at those springs, On  
high \_\_\_\_\_ A - bove thee watch, in or - der bright, And  
sake, \_\_\_\_\_ Up - on the night rise ten - der - ly, O,

weckt, \_\_\_\_\_ trinkt sei - ne Ros - se mit dem Thau, der  
Heer \_\_\_\_\_ hoch ü - ber dir im Wech - sel' wacht, so  
Ton \_\_\_\_\_ der Min - ne zärt - lich auf - ge - neckt! O



chal - iced flow'rs that lies, \_\_\_\_\_ On chal - iced flow'rs that lies. And  
hope, till morn is nigh, \_\_\_\_\_ And hope, till morn is nigh, That  
then wilt thou a - wake, \_\_\_\_\_ O then wilt thou a - wake! How

Blu - men - kel - che deckt, \_\_\_\_\_ der Blu - men - kel - che deckt. Der  
hof - fen sie noch mehr, \_\_\_\_\_ so hof - fen sie noch mehr, dass  
dann er - wachst du schon, \_\_\_\_\_ O dann er - wachst du schon! Wie

wink - ing Ma - ry - buds be - gin To ope their gold - en  
 thou wilt wake, their light to greet: Come, ope thy star - ry  
 Love thee to thy win - dow brings, Well knows he: ope thine

Rin - gel - blu - me Knos - pe schleusst die gold' - nen Aug - lein  
 auch dein Au - gen - stern sie grüsst: Er - wach! Sie war - ten  
 oft sie dich an's Fen - ster trieb, das weiss sie, d'rum steh'

eyes, With ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty bin, My  
 eyes! Since thou so star - like art, so sweet, My  
 eyes, And love thy sing - er while he sings! My

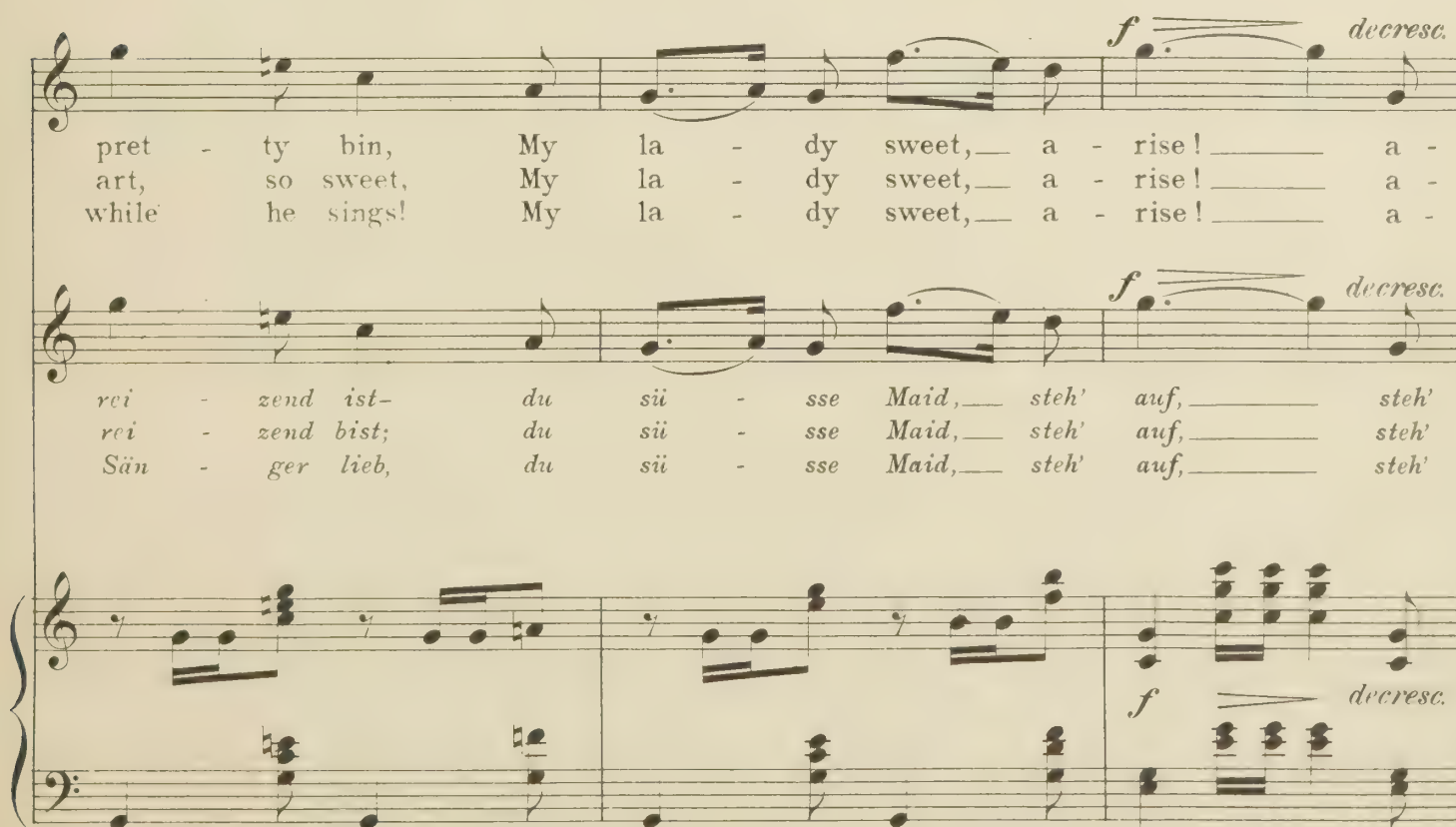
auf; mit al - lem, was da rei - zend ist— du  
 drauf, weil du doch gar so rei - zend bist; du  
 auf, und ha - be dei - nen Sän - ger lieb, du





la - dy sweet, — a - rise!      With ev - 'ry - thing that  
 la - dy sweet, — a - rise!      Since thou so star - like  
 la - dy sweet, — a - rise!      And love thy sing - er

sü - sse Maid, — steh' auf,      mit al - lem, was — da  
 sü - sse Maid, — steh' auf,      weil du doch gar — so  
 sü - sse Maid, — steh' auf,      und ha - be dei - nen



pret - ty bin,      My la - dy sweet, — a - rise! ——— a -  
 art, so sweet,      My la - dy sweet, — a - rise! ——— a -  
 while he sings!      My la - dy sweet, — a - rise! ——— a -

rei - zend ist — du sü - sse Maid, — steh' auf, ——— steh'  
 rei - zend bist;      du sü - sse Maid, — steh' auf, ——— steh'  
 Sän - ger lieb,      du sü - sse Maid, — steh' auf, ——— steh'

rise, \_\_\_\_\_ a - rise, \_\_\_\_\_ My la - dy sweet, a - rise, \_\_\_\_\_ a -  
 rise, \_\_\_\_\_ a - rise, \_\_\_\_\_ My la - dy sweet, a - rise, \_\_\_\_\_ a -  
 rise, \_\_\_\_\_ a - rise, \_\_\_\_\_ My la - dy sweet, a - rise, \_\_\_\_\_ a -

auf, \_\_\_\_\_ steh' auf, \_\_\_\_\_ du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, \_\_\_\_\_ steh'  
 auf, \_\_\_\_\_ steh' auf, \_\_\_\_\_ du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, \_\_\_\_\_ steh'  
 auf, \_\_\_\_\_ steh' auf, \_\_\_\_\_ du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, \_\_\_\_\_ steh'

*f* *decresc.*

rise, \_\_\_\_\_ a - rise, \_\_\_\_\_ My la - dy sweet, a - rise!  
 rise, \_\_\_\_\_ a - rise, \_\_\_\_\_ My la - dy sweet, a - rise!  
 rise, \_\_\_\_\_ a - rise, \_\_\_\_\_ My la - dy sweet, a - rise!

auf, \_\_\_\_\_ steh' auf, \_\_\_\_\_ du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf!  
 auf, \_\_\_\_\_ steh' auf, \_\_\_\_\_ du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf!  
 auf, \_\_\_\_\_ steh' auf, \_\_\_\_\_ du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf!

*p*

*Dal Segno*

# THE INN (DAS WIRTHSHAUS)

(Composed in 1828)

WILHELM MÜLLER (1794 - 1827)  
Translated by Alexander Blaess

(Original Key)

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 89, No. 21  
(1797 - 1828)

Adagio (Sehr langsam)

VOICE

PIANO

*pp*

*cresc.*

Up - on my end-less wand-'rings a  
Auf ei - nen Tod - ten - a - cker hat

*p*

*pp*

church-yard I be-hold. Here have I thought to rest me, with - in this qui - et fold.  
mich mein Weg ge-bracht. All - hier will ich ein-keh - ren, hab' ich bei mir ge-dacht.



O ver-dant wreaths of wel-come! ye  
Ihr grü-nen Tod - ten-krän - ze könnt

of - fer a re-treat To pil - grims faint and wear - y, with  
wohl die Zei - chen sein, die mü - de Wan - d'rer la - den in's

bleed - ing hearts and feet. A -  
küh - le Wirths - haus ein. Sind

las! each place seems ta - ken by dwell - ers strange - ly mute, To  
denn in die - sem Hau - se die Kam - mern all' be - setzt? bin

death am I ex-haust - ed with grief and pain a-cute. Thou  
 matt zum Nie-der-sin - ken, bin tödt - lich schwer ver-letzt. O

inn, of pit-y bar-ren, yet turnst thou me a-way? Then on, my staff e'er faith-ful, till  
 un-barm-herz<sup>2</sup> ge Schen-ke, doch wei-sest du mich ab? Nun wei-ter denn, nur wei-ter, mein

*cresc.* *p*

death my care al-lay, Then on, my staff e'er faith-ful, till  
 treu-er Wan-der-stab, nun wei-ter denn, nur wei-ter, mein

*cresc.*

death my care al-lay.  
 treu-er Wan-der-stab!



# MY ABODE

## (AUFENTHALT)

LUDWIG RELLSTAB (1799-1860)

Translated by Louis C. Elson

(Composed in 1828)

(Original Key, E Minor)

FRANZ SCHUBERT

"Schwanengesang," No 5

(1797-1828)

Not too quickly, yet with force (*Nicht zu geschwind, doch kräftig*)

PIANO

Swift rush-ing stream, loud moaning wood, Rockbleak and scarred, my  
*Rau-schen-der Strom, brau-sen-der Wald, star-ren - der Fels, mein*

wild a - bode, Swift rush-ing stream, loud moan-ing wood, Rock bleak and  
*Auf - ent - halt, rau-schen-der Strom, brau-sen - der Wald star - ren - der*

scarred, my wild a - bode.  
*Fels, mein Auf - ent - halt.*

*fp*



Bil - lows on bil - lows chase o'er o - cean's breast. So too are flow - ing my  
 Wie sich die Wel - le an Wel - le reiht, flie - ssen die Thrä - nen mir

*cresc.*

tears without rest, so too are flow - ing my tears, my  
 e - wig er - neut, flie - ssen die Thrä - nen mir e - wig,

*f*

tears with-out rest, so too are flow-ing my tears with-out rest.  
 e - wig er - neut, flie - ssen die Thrä - nen mir e - wig er - neut.

*decresc.*

Winds o'er the tree-tops are nev - er at peace, My heart's wild throbbing, like  
 Hoch in den Kro - nen wo - gend sich's regt, so un - auf - hör - lich mein

*ben marcato*

them, will not cease, Winds o'er the tree-tops are nev - er at peace, My  
 Her - ze schlägt, hoch in den Kro - nen wo - gend sich's regt, so

*mf*

heart's wild throbbing, like them, will not cease, The wild, wild throbs of my  
 un - auf - hör - lich mein Her - ze schlägt, so un - auf - hör - lich mein

*p*

heart will not cease. And  
 Her - ze schlägt. Und

*p*



like the ore in the rock's hard vein, Ev - er my bo - som  
wie des Fel - sen ur - al - tes Erz, e - wig der - sel - be

hold - eth its pain, ev - er my bo - - - som hold - eth,  
blei - bet mein Schmerz, e - wig der - sel - - - be blei - bet,

*cresc.* *f*

hold - eth its pain, ev - er my bo - som hold - eth its pain.  
blei - bet mein Schmerz, e - wig der - sel - be blei - bet mein Schmerz.

*dim.*



Swift rush-ing stream,      loud moan-ing wood,      Rock bleak and scarred, my wild a -  
 Rau - schen - der Strom,      brau - sen - der Wald,      star - ren - der Fels,      mein Auf - ent -

*p*

bode,      Swift rush - ing stream,      loud moan-ing wood,      Rock bleak and scarred, \_\_\_\_\_  
 halt,      rau - schen - der Strom,      brau - sen - der Wald,      star - ren - der Fels, \_\_\_\_\_

*cresc.*

\_\_\_\_\_ swift rush - ing stream, \_\_\_\_\_      loud \_\_\_\_\_ moan-ing wood,      my  
 \_\_\_\_\_ rau - schen - der Strom, \_\_\_\_\_      brau -      - sen - der Wald,      mein

*decresc.*      *p*

wild a - bode. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Auf - ent - halt. \_\_\_\_\_

*pp*

# MY PHANTOM DOUBLE

(DER DOPPELGÄNGER)

(Composed in 1828)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

FRANZ SCHUBERT,

"Schwanengesang" No. 13

(1797-1828)

*Molto adagio (Sehr langsam)*

VOICE

Still is the night o'er roof-tree and  
 Still ist die Nacht, es ru-hen die

PIANO

*pp*

stee-ple; With-in this dwell-ing lived my treasure rare.  
 Gas-sen, in die-sem Hau-se wohn-te mein Schatz;

Long since she left this town and peo-ple,  
 sie hat schon längst die Stadt ver-las-sen,

But still stands the house on the self - same square.  
 doch steht noch das Haus — auf dem - sel - ben Platz.

Here stands, too, a man; towards heav - en he ga - zes, His hands he  
 Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Hö - he, und ringt die

*cresc.* *poco a poco*

wring-eth in wild - est de - spair; — I — shud - der,  
 Hän - de vor Schmer - zens - ge - walt; — mir — graust es,

*fff* *ff* *decresc.* *p*

when now his face he rais - es — The moon-light shows me mine own self is  
 wenn ich sein Ant - litz se - he — der Mond zeigt mir mei - ne eig - ne Ge -

*cresc.* *ff*



there! \_\_\_\_\_ O pale, sad crea - ture, My ghost and my  
 stalt. \_\_\_\_\_ Du Dop - pel - gän - ger, du blei - cher Ge -

*fff* > *decresc.* *p* > *acce -* - > *lerando* > *cresc.*

doub - le, Why dost thou ape my pas - sion's tears, That haunt - ed me with cru - el  
 sel - le! was äffst du nach mein Lie - bes - leid, das mich ge - quält auf die - ser

*ff* > *ff* >

troub - le So man - y a night in old - en  
 Stel - le so man - che Nacht, in al - ter

*fff* > *fff* > *p*

years?  
 Zeit?

*pp* *ppp*

# MY DELIGHT

## (MEINE FREUDEN)

(Composed in 1837)

ADAM MICKIEWICZ (1798-1855)  
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key)

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN  
(1809-1849)

**Allegretto** (M.M. ♩ = 120)

VOICE

PIANO

*mf*

When first the mag - ic of thy dear voice  
Wenn du, Ge - lieb - te, nur be - ginnst zu

calls me, I am en - rap - tured; a won - drous charm en - thrals me!  
re - den, bin ich ge - fan - gen mit tau - send Zau - ber - fä - den!

*poco cresc.* *dim.*

I dare not move for fear the spell be brok - en: Fain would I  
 lau - sche ent - zückt und wa - ge nicht zu stö - ren; wün - sche, du

ev - er-more thus see thee smil - ing, Thus hear thine ac - cents, thine  
 plau - der - test e - wig so hei - ter und will mein Le - ben, mein

ac - cents be - guil - ing, Words soft - ly spok - en, ev - er-more would  
 Le - ben lang nichts wei - ter, als dich nur hö - ren, dich nur hö - ren,

hear thee, Lin - ger - ing near thee, ev - er-more would hear — thee!  
 hö - ren, als dich nur hö - ren, dich nur hö - ren, hö - - ren!



But when thy pas - sion flow - er - like un - clos - es, Bright glow thine  
 Doch wenn die Au - gen feu - ri - ger dir glü - hen, rö - te - re

*p* *poco cresc.*

eyes and thy cheeks flush with ros - es, When not a glance my  
 Ro - sen den Wan - gen er - blü - hen, wenn dir ent - zückt die

*dim.*

kind-ling ar - dor miss - es, Ah! then, Ah! then, Ah!  
 Bli - cke fol - gen müs - sen, ach dann! ach dann! ach

*stretto*

then, Be - lov - ed, Ah! then, be - lov - ed, no  
 dann, Ge - lieb - te, ach dann, Ge - lieb - te, dann

*cresc.* *p*

*sempre più accel. -*

more fain to hear thee, I, clos - er drawn ' to thee, bend - ing so  
 möcht' ich dich stö - ren, will län - ger nicht mehr die Lip - pen dann

*sempre più accel. -*

*ff. rall. poco a poco -*

near thee, Stay thee with kiss - es, with kiss -  
 hö - ren; will sie nur küs - sen, nur küs -

*rall. poco a poco*

*a tempo*

- es, with kiss - es, with kiss - es!  
 - sen, nur küs - sen, nur küs - sen!

*a tempo mf*

# THE PARTED LOVERS

## (ZWEI LEICHEN)

(Composed in 1845)

BOGDAN ZALESKI (1802-1886)

(Original Key, D minor)

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN

Translated by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

(1809-1849)

**Allegretto** (♩ = 100)

**VOICE**

1. Two fond young lov - ers, tho' faith - ful, tho' true - heart - ed,  
 1. Zwei die sich lieb - ten, die darf - ten's nicht ge - ste - hen,

**PIANO**

*p legato*

Were kept from meet - ing, were from each - o - ther part - ed.  
 muss - ten sich mei - den und von ein - an - der ge - hen.

Years swift - ly glid - ed by; still their love each cher - ished;  
 Jah - re ver - gin - gen, sah'n sich nie - mals wie - der,

*poco cresc.* *dim.*

Both came at last to die, All their sweet hopes per - ished!  
 leg - ten sich end - lich beid' zu ster - ben nie - der.

*p*



2 There in her own room the faith-ful maid was ly-ing, Far in the  
 3 High in the church-tower the bells were toll-ing sad-ly, There in the  
 2 Drin-nen im Stüb-chen das Mägd-lein lag im Bet-te, doch der Ko-  
 3 Läu-te-ten Glo-cken im Dor-fe von dem Thur-me; heul-ten im

*p legato*

for-est wild the Cos-sack youth was dy-ing. Grooped round the maid-en's bed,  
 for-est the wolves were howl-ing mad-ly; Priests laid the maid-en's form,  
 sak-lag an wil-der Wal-des-stät-te. Wein-ten um's Mägd-lein-  
 Wal-de nur Wöl-fe laut im Stur-me. Mägd-lein im Gra-be

*poco cresc.*

youths and girls la-ment-ed, Fierce o'er the Cos-sack's head ra-vens hung, keen-scent-ed.  
 in her grave with chaunting While raved the rain and storm, o'er the Cos-sack vaunt-ing.  
 Mäd-chen wohl und Kna-ben; um den Ko-sa-ken krächz-ten nur die Ra-ben.  
 deck-te Prie-sters Se-gen; doch den Ko-sa-ken bleich-ten Wind und Re-gen.

*dim. p*

## DEDICATION

(WIDMUNG)

(Composed in 1840)

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788 - 1866)

Translated by Alexander Blauss

(Original Key, A♭)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, No. 1

(1810 - 1856)

Animato, affettuoso (Innig, lebhaft)

VOICE

Thou art my life, my soul and  
Du mei-ne See-le, du mein

PIANO

mf

La.

\* La.

La.

\* La.

\*

heart,  
Herz,

Thou both my joy and sad-ness art,  
du mei-ne Wonn' o du mein Schmerz,

Thou art my  
du mei-ne

La.

\*

La.

\*

heav'n, my match-less lov-er, The world of bliss where-in I  
Welt, in der ich le-be, mein Him-mel du, da-rein ich

La.

\*

La.

\*

La.

\*

hov - er, Thou art the grave where-in I cast For ev - er  
 schwe - be, o du mein Grab, in das hin - ab ich e - wig

all my sor - row past. Thou bring - est  
 mei - nen Kum - mer . gab! Du bist die

*rit.*

*p*

rest and peace a - bid - ing,  
 Ruh, du bist der Frie - den.

Heav'n is through thee me kind - ly  
 du bist vom Him - mel mir be -



guid - ing; So has thy love to me ap - peal'd I see my  
 schie - den. Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir werth, dein Blick hat

in - most self re - veal'd, Thou lift - est  
 mich vor mir ver - klärt, du hebst mich

me be - yond my - self, Good gen - ius thou, my bet - ter  
 lie - bend ii - ber mich, mein gu - ter Geist, mein bess' - res

self. Thou art my life, my soul and heart, Thou both my  
 Ich! Du mei - ne See - le, du mein Herz, du mei - ne

joy — and sad - ness art, Thou art my heav'n, — my match - less  
 Wonn' — o du mein Schmerz, du mei - ne Welt, — in der ich

lov - er, The world of bliss — where - in I hov - er, good genius  
 le - be, mein Him - mel du, — da - rein ich schwe - be, mein gu - ter

*steigend und eilend* *rit.*

thou, my bet - ter self!  
 Geist, mein bess' - res Ich!

*p* *rit.*

*rit.*

# THE LOTUS FLOWER

## (DIE LOTOSBLUME)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799 - 1856)

(Composed in 1840)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, No. 7

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key)

(1810 - 1856)

Larghetto (Ziemlich langsam)

VOICE

The Lo - tus flow'r doth lan - guish  
Die Lo - tos - blu - me äng - stigt

PIANO

Un - der the sun's fierce light,  
sich vor der Son - ne Pracht,

With droop - ing head she wait - eth,  
und mit ge - senk - tem Haup - te er -

dream - i - ly waits for the night.  
war - tet sie träu - mend die Nacht.

The moon is her true lov - er, He  
Der Mond, der ist ihr Buh - le, er

wakes her with fond em - brace;  
weckt sie mit sei - nem Licht,

For him she glad - ly un - veil - eth Her  
und ihm ent - schlei - ert sie freund - lich ihr



*accel. nach poco und*

sweet and flow'r - like face. She blooms and glows and  
 from - mes Blu - men - ge - sicht. Sie blüht und glüht und

*a nach poco schneller*

bright - ens, And mute - ly ga - zes a - bove; She  
 leuch - tet, und star - ret stumm in die Höh; sie

*p rit.*

weeps and ex - hales and trembles With love, and the sor - rows of  
 duf - tet und wei - net und zit - tert vor Lie - be und Lie - bes -

*rit.*

love, With love, and the sor - rows of love.  
 weh, vor Lie - be und Lie - bes - weh.

# IN THE FOREST

## (WALDESGESPRÄCH)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)

Translated by Alexander Blaess

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 39, No. 3

(1810-1856)

Allegretto (Ziemlich rasch)

VOICE

*mf*

"The hour is  
„Es ist schon

PIANO

*mf*

late, —  
spät, —

cold grows the night; — Dost thou not rue thy lone - ly  
es ist schon kalt, — was reit'st du ein - sam durch den

ride? Thou art so fair; sad is thy plight; Oh, fol - low me! and be my  
Wald? Der Wald ist lang, du bist al - lein, du schö - ne Braut! ich führ' dich

*f**sf*

bride!"  
 heim!"

*p*
 "Man's plead-ing way and lur - ing  
 „Gross ist der Män - ner Trug und

kiss  
 List,

Con - ceal de - ceit and ar - ti -  
 vor Schmerz mein Herz ge - bro - - chen

face.  
 ist,

*f*
 Know'st not my pale and heart - worn face? Oh,  
 wohl irrt das Wald - horn her und hin, o

flee! Oh, flee from this ac - curs - ed place!"  
 flieh! o flieh! du weisst nicht, wer ich bin."



*f*

"Thy comb be - jewelled o'er snow - - white brow, — En -  
 „So reich ge - schmückt ist Ross — und Weib, — so

clasps a wealth of gold - en hair, of gold - - en hair, — I  
 wun - der - schön, so wun - der - schön der jun - ge Leib; — jetzt

*rit.* *f*

*a tempo* *f* *rit.* 3

know thee now! Heav'n help my soul! A witch art thou, the Lo - re -  
 kenn' ich dich, — Gott steh' mir bei! du bist die He - xe Lo - re -

*a tempo* *f* *rit.*

*a tempo* *p*

ley!" "Thou know'st me well, From  
 lei!" „Du kennst mich wohl, du

*a tempo*

tow' - ring cliff I scan the Rhine And lure the skip - per and his  
kennst mich wohl - von ho - hem Stein schaut still mein Schloss tief in den

skiff. The hour is late, the night grows  
Rhein. Es ist schon spät, es ist schon

cold, Fair day thou'lt nev - er - more be - hold, nev - er  
kalt, kommst nim - mer - mehr aus die - sem Wald, nim - mer -

more, nev - er - more thou wilt be - hold!  
mehr, nim - mer - mehr aus die - sem Wald!

*rit.*



## I'LL NOT COMPLAIN

(ICH GROLLE NICHT)

(Composed in 1840)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)

Translated by John S. Dwight

(Original Key)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No. 7

(1810-1856)

Moderato (Nicht zu schnell)

VOICE

I'll not com-plain, tho' break my heart \_\_\_\_\_ in  
 Ich grol - le nicht, und wenn das Herz \_\_\_\_\_ auch

PIANO

*mf*

twain.  
 bricht,

O love for ev - er lost!  
 e - wig ver - lor' - nes Lieb,

O love for ev - er lost! \_\_\_\_\_ I'll not \_\_\_\_\_ com -  
 e - wig ver - lor' - nes Lieb! \_\_\_\_\_ ich grol - - - le



plain, I'll not com - plain. Howe'er thou  
 nicht, ich grol - le nicht. Wie du auch

shin'st in dia - mond splen - dor bright, There falls no ray in - to thy  
 strahlst in Di - a - man - ten - pracht, es fällt kein Strahl in dei - nes

*f ritard.*  
 heart's deep night, I know full well.  
 Her - zens Nacht, das weiss ich längst.

*f*  
 I'll not com - plain, tho' break my heart in  
 Ich grol - le nicht, und wenn das Herz auch

twain. In dreams I saw thee wan - ing, And saw the  
bricht. Ich sah dich ja im Trau - me, und sah die

*p*

night with - in thy bos - om reign - ing, And saw the snake that on thy heart doth  
Nacht in dei - nes Her - zens Rau - me, und sah die Schlang' die dir am Her - zen

*cresc.*

gnaw, — How all for - lorn thou art, my love, I saw. I'll not com - plain, I'll not com -  
frisst, — ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du e - lend bist. Ich grol - le nicht, ich grol - le

*rit.* *f*

plain. —  
nicht. —

*f* *f* *f*



# THE LORELEY (DIE LORELEI)

69

(Composed in 1841)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)  
Translated by Arthur WestbrookFRANZ LISZT  
(1811-1886)

Moderato Non strascinando (Nicht schleppend)

PIANO

Parlando  
*p* (Gesprochen)

I know not what it be - to - kens That I such sad - ness, such sad - ness  
Ich weiss nicht, was soll's be - deu - ten, dass ich so trau - rig, so trau - rig

Allegretto

know;  
bin.

A le - gend of  
Ein Mär - chen aus

poco rit.

by - gone a - ges So haunts me, nor will it go, So haunts me, nor  
al - ten Zei - ten, das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn, das kommt mir nicht

poco rit.



*smorz.*

— will it go.  
— aus dem Sinn.

*dolce*

*una corda*

*dim.*

*La.*

*poco rit.*

*Adagio*

The air is cool,  
Die Luft ist kühl,

*Molto tranquillo, ma non strascinando.*  
(*Sehr ruhig, aber nicht schleppend*)

*poco rit.*

*La.*

day is — wan — ing,  
und es — dun — kelt

And gen — tly,  
und ru — hig,

*La.*

gen-tly flows the Rhine,  
ru - hig fließt der Rhein,

And gen - tly flows the Rhine,  
und ru - hig fließt der Rhein.

*La.*

The last rays of eve - ning sun - light  
 der Gip - fel der Ber - ge fun - kelt

*un poco cresc.*

*Ped.* \*

The moun-tain heights en - shrine,  
 im A - bend-son - nen - schein, The im

*p* *colla voce*

*Ped.* \*

*rit.*

moun - tain heights en - shrine.  
 A - bend - son - nen - schein.

*espressivo*

*rit.* *ppp* *sempre una corda*

*Ped.* \*

*sotto voce*

Up - on the heights is seat - ed A  
 Die schön - ste Jung - frau si - tzet dort

*Ped.* \*



maid - en pass - ing fair, Her gold - en ar - ray is shin - ing, She  
o - ben wun - der - bar, ihr gold' - nes Ge - schmei - de bli - tzet, sie

*La.* \* *La.* *La.* *La.* \*

*poco rall.* *sempre dolce*

combs — her gold - en hair; With comb of bright gold she combs it, And  
kämmt — ihr gold' - nes Haar; sie kämmt es mit gold' - nem Kam - me und

*poco rall.* *sempre dolcissimo*

*La.* *La.*

sings — a won - drous song; — In ca - dence so strangely haunt - ing  
singt — ein Lied da - bei, — das hat ei - ne wun - der - sa - me,

*cresc.*

*La.* *La.*

*cresc. molto*

The sound — is borne a - long, The sound — is borne a -  
ge - walt' - ge Me - lo - dei, ge - walt' - ge Me - lo -

*string.* *tre corde*

*La.* *La.* *La.* *La.*



## Allegro agitato molto

long. ———— The  
dei. ———— Den

trem.

*f* *ff* *mf*

*La* \*

boat-man up-on the wa-ters Is hold-en in long-ing  
Schif-fer im klei-nen Schif-fe er - greift es mit wil-dem

dread, He sees not the reef be-fore him, He  
Weh, er schaut nicht die Fel-sen-rif-fe, er

*p*

sees but the height, the height o-ver-  
schaut nur hin-auf, hin-auf in die

*cresc.* *cresc.* *molto* *f*

head. *f* The bil - lows sur -  
Höh. Ich glau - be, die

*ff*

*La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \**

round - ing en - gulf him; Till boat and  
Wel - len ver - schlin - gen am En - de

*La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \**

*> string.*  
boat - man are gone.  
Schif - fer und Kahn.

*string.*

*La.*

Meno  
Lang-

And  
Und

*ff*

*La. La.*



*MOSSO*  
-samer)

this with her art-ful sing-ing The Lo-re - ley, — the Lo-re-ley hath done!  
das hat mit ih - rem Sin - gen die Lo-re - lei, — die Lo-re-lei ge - than,

*rit.*

Come prima  
*espressivo*

And this — with her  
und das — hat mit

*una corda*

*dolce*

*La sempre legato* \* *La* \*

art - ful sing - ing The  
ih - rem Sin - gen die

Lo - re - ley, the Lo - re - ley hath done, the  
Lo - re - lei, die Lo - re - lei ge - than, die



Lo - re - ley — hath done! And this — with her  
Lo - re - lei — ge - than, und das — hat mit

*sempre dolce*

*Ld.* \* *Ld.* \* *Ld.* \*

art - ful sing - (ing) - ing, The  
ih - rem Sin - (gen) - gen die

*Ld.* \*

Lo - re - ley, the Lo - re - ley — hath done, the  
Lo - re - lei, die Lo - re - lei — ge - than, die.

*p*

*Ld.* \*

*pp* *smorz.*  
Lo - re - ley hath done!  
Lo - re - lei ge - than!

*ppp*

*Ld.*

# THE KING OF THULE

77

## (DER KÖNIG VON THULE)

(From "Faust")

(Composed in 1841)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, F Minor)

FRANZ LISZT

(1811-1886)

**PIANO**

*Allegretto*

*p*

There was a King— in Thu le, Aye faith-ful, to the  
*Es war ein Kö - nig in Thu - le, gar treu - bis an sein*

*pp*

*poco rall.*

grave, ——— To whom his dy-ing la - dy Then a gold-en beak-er  
*Grab, ——— dem ster - bend sei - ne Buh - le ei - nen gold' - nen Be - cher*

*poco rall. pp*

*And.* \*

*a tempo*

gave, a gold - en beak - er gave. Naught else he prized so ———  
*gab, ei - nen gold' - nen Be - cher gab. Es ging ihm nichts dar*

*a tempo*

*sempre p*

*p*

*poco rall.*

dear - ly, And drained its glow - ing draught, His eyes with tears were o'er -  
 ii - ber, er leert' ihm je - den Schmaus, die Au - gen gin - gen ihm

*poco rall.*

Ed \*

*a tempo*

flow - ing When - e'er the cup he quaff'd, when - e'er the cup he  
 ii - ber, so oft er trank dar - aus, so oft er trank dar -

*a tempo*

x #

quaff'd.  
aus.

When he at last lay  
Und als er kam zu

*p*

dy - ing, All his rich - es o'er he told,  
ster - ben, zählt' er sei - ne Städt' im Reich,

*dim.*



All on his heirs be - stow - ing      Ex - cept the cup of  
 gönnt' al - les sei - nen Er - ben,      den Be - cher nicht zu -

*dolce*

gold,  
gleich,

All on his heirs be - stow - ing Ex - cept the cup of  
 gönnt al - les sei - nen Er - ben, den Be - cher nicht zu -

*cresc.*

gold.  
gleich.

He sat at roy - al ban - quet      A - mid the knight - ly  
 Er sass beim Kö - nigs - mah - le,      die Rit - ter um ihn

*f*

*Ad*      \*

train,  
her,

In his an - ces - tral cas - tle,      High tow - ring o'er the  
 auf hoh - em Vä - ter - saa - le,      dort auf dem Schloss am

*f*

*Ad*      \*

## Allegretto agitato

main.  
Meer.

*ff*

*marcato*

Up rose the a - ged  
Dort stand der al - te

*dim.* *p*

mon - arch, His life's last glow drank he, Then hurled the hal - lowed  
Ze - cher, trank letz - te Le - bens - gluth, und warf den heil' - gen

*mf* *sf* *ff*

beak - er For down - ward in the sea, Far down - ward in the  
Be - cher hin - un - ter in die Fluth, hin - un - ter in die

*ff*



sea.  
Fluth;

*mf*

*La* \* *La* \*

He saw it fall - ing, fill - ing,  
er sah ihn stür - zen, trin - ken

*La* \* *La* \* *La* \*

And sink - ing in the  
und sin - ken tief in's

*La* \* *La* \*

sea,  
Meer.

*rinf.*

*La* \*



*rit.*

Then closed his eyes, ne'er to o - - - pen,  
 Die Au - gen thä - ten ihm sin - - - ken.

*p rit.* *dim.*

And nev - er a - gain drank he,  
 Trank nie ei - nen Trop - fen mehr,

*rit.*

*a tempo*

nev - er a - gain drank he.  
 trank nie ei - nen Trop - fen mehr.

*p* *p a tempo*

*rit.*

*rit.*

# WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG

## (WANDERERS NACHTLIED)

(Composed in 1848)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, E)

FRANZ LISZT

(1811-1886)

*Lento, molto tranquillo* *p sotto voce*

VOICE

O'er the tree-tops all is at rest, In wood and  
 Ue-ber al-len Gip-feln ist Ruh, in al-len

PIANO

*pp una corda* *pp*

val-ley scarce a breath stirs 'mong the leaves, The birds all  
 Wip-feln spü-rest du kaum ei-nen Hauch: *smorzando* Die Vo-ge-lein

*pp* *pp* *ppp*

slum-ber, their song is stilled. On-ly  
 schwei-gen im Wal-de. War-te

*pp* *sempre dolcissimo* *ten.* *ten.*

wait, on-ly wait,  
 nur, war-te nur,

*ten.* *ten.*



*f*

soon, ——— soon, ———  
bal - de, bal - de.

*espressivo*

*Ad.*

*poco a poco rall.*

soon shalt thou, ——— too, find rest, ——— Soon thou,  
bal - de ru - hest du auch, bal - de

*pp*

*poco a poco rall.*

*Ad.*

*rit.* *poco a poco rall.* *ma non troppo*

too, shalt find rest, find rest. On - ly wait, on - ly  
ru - hest du auch, du auch, war - te nur, war - te

*ppp poco a poco rall.* *ma non troppo*

*rit.*

*rit.* *pp*

wait, soon thou, too, shalt find rest, find rest.  
nur, bal - de ru - hest du auch, du auch.

*ppp rit.* *pppp*



# DREAMS

## (TRÄUME)

85

Study for "Tristan and Isolde", Composed in 1862

(Original Key)

MATHILDE WESENDONCK

Translated by Isabella G. Parker

RICHARD WAGNER

(1813-1883)

In very moderate time but not dragging  
(Sehr mässig bewegt aber nie schleppend)

*dolcissimo*

PIANO

*pp**un poco cresc.**dim.*

*p*  
Sag' welch wun - der - ba - re Träu - - me hal - ten  
Tell me what these dreams of won - - der all my

*pp*

mei-nem Sinn um - fan - - gen, dass sie nicht wie lee - re  
soul in bonds en - chain - - ing, Not like bub - bles burst a -

Schäu - me sind in ö - des Nichts ver - gan - gen? Träu -  
sun - der Leav - ing naught but foam re - main - ing? Vi -

me die in je - der Stun - de, je - dem Ta - ge schö - ner blüh'n und mit ih - rer  
sions ev - er bright - er grow - ing Ev - 'ry - day and ev 'ry hour With a heaven-born

*poco cresc.*

Him - mels - kun - de se - lig durchs Ge - mü - the ziehn? Träu -  
lus - tre glow - ing Might - y in their ho - ly power. Vi -

*mf* *dim.* *più p* *pp* *pp*



*animated*  
(belebt)

me, die wie heh - re Strah - len in die See - le sich ver - sen - ken,  
sions, rays of glo - ry ta - king Bring - ing rap - ture none can meas - ure

*cresc.* *mf*

*p ritenuto* *accl.*  
(steigernd)

dort ein e - wig Bild zu ma - len: All - ver - ges - sen, Ein - ge - den - ken!  
In my heart her im - age ma - king, All for - got - ten save my treas - ure.

*dim.* *pp* *cresc.*

*f a tempo* *quicker*  
(bewegt)

Träu - me, wie wenn Früh - lings - son - ne aus dem Schnee die Blü - then  
Vi - sions as when Spring - time voi - ces Call from snow the blos - soms

*f* *p* *cresc.*

*Ad.* \*

*slacken*  
(nachlassend)

küsst, dass zu nie ge - ahn - ten Won - ne sie der neu - e Tag be - grüsst, — dass sie  
sweet. Ev - ry ti - ny bud re - joi - ces, Glad the new - born day to greet. — Let the

*p* *dim.*

*Ad.*



*slacken more and more*  
(immer mehr nachlassend)

wach - sen, dass sie blü - hen, träu - mend spen - den ih - ren Duft,  
flow - ers bloom - ing bright - ly, Soft ex - hale their fra - grant breath.

*p dolce* *tenderly*  
(weich)

*La* \* *La* \* *La* \*

sanft an dei - ner Brust ver - glü - hen, und dann sin - ken in die Gruft.  
On thy bos - om rest - ing light - ly Let them fa - ding, sink to death.

*più p* *morendo* *pp*

*pp*

*più p*

*pp*

## REQUEST

(BITTE)

(Original Key)

NIKOLAUS LENAÜ (1802-1850)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 9, No. 3

(1815-1892)

Larghetto sostenuto (Mit tiefster Innigkeit)

VOICE

Turn to me, dark eye so ten - der Let - me  
Weil' auf mir, du dunk - les Au - ge, ü - be

PIANO

*p legato*

feel — thy gen - tle might. With thy grave and dream - y  
dei - ne gan - ze Macht, ern - ste, mil - de, träu - me -

*p*

sweet - ness, Thine un - fath - om'd, won - drous night.  
ri - sche, un - er - gründ - lich sü - sse Nacht.

*p*

Take, now, with thy som - bre mag - ic From my  
Nimm mit dei - nem Zau - ber - dun - kel die - se

*p*

sight this world a - way, That a - lone thou  
Welt von hin - nen mir, dass du ü - ber

*p*

*Ad.* \*

mayst for ev - er O'er my life — ex - tend thy sway.  
mei - nem Le - ben ein - sam schwe - best für und für.

*dim.*

*p*

*dim.*



To Frä. Louise von Platen  
**FOR MUSIC**  
(FÜR MUSIK)

91

EMANUEL von GEIBEL (1815 - 1884)

Translated by Diana V. Ashton

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.10, No.1

(1815-1892)

(Original Key)

Andante molto sostenuto

VOICE

PIANO

*p* With feeling

Now the shad - ows dark - en, Star on stars a - light,  
Nun die Schat - ten dun - keln, Stern an Stern er - wacht.

*p* il canto molto espress.

What a breath of long - ing Floods the air at night;  
welch ein Hauch der Sehn - sucht flu - tet durch die Nacht.

*cresc.*

*p*

Through the sea of fan - cy Steer-ing with - out rest,  
Durch das Meer der Träu - me steu - ert oh - ne Ruh'.

Seeks my soul thy spir - it, Ha - ven, oh, how blest.  
 steu - ert mei - ne See - le Dei - ner See - le zu.

*cresc.* *p*

*p* Take my heart's de - vo - tion, Thine it is a - lone!  
 Die sich dir er - ge - ben, nimm sie ganz da - hin!

*Ad.* \*

*cresc.* *mf* *p*  
 Ah, thou know'st that nev - er I have been my own, have been my own.  
 Ach, du weißt, dass nim - mer ich mein ei - gen bin, mein ei - gen bin.

*cresc.* *mf* *p*

*Ad.* \*

# DEDICATION

## (WIDMUNG)

(Original Key)

WOLFGANG MÜLLER (1816-1873)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 14, No. 1  
(1815-1892)

Andante espressivo (Innig)

VOICE

*mf*

Oh, thank me not for what I sing thee; Thine are the  
O dan - ke nicht für die - se Lie - der, mir ziemt es

PIANO

*mf*

songs, no gift of mine. Thou gav'st them me; I but re-  
dank - bar Dir zu sein; Du gabst sie mir, ich ge - be

*mf* *p*

*mf* *p*

turn thee what is and ev - er will be thine.  
wie - der, was jetzt und einst und e - wig Dein.

*mf*

*mf*



*mf*

Thine were they ev - 'ry one for - ev - er. The light — which  
 Dein sind sie al - le ja ge - we - sen. Aus Dei - ner

*mf*

*mf* *p*

in thy dear eyes shone Tru - ly hath taught me how — to  
 lie - ben Au - gen Licht hab' ich sie treu - lich ab - ge -

*mf* *p*

*Ad.* \*

*pp*

read them; Dost thou not know — they are — thine own, —  
 le - sen, kennst Du die eig - nen Lie - der nicht? —

*pp*

*Ad.* \*

*f* *p*

Dost thou not know — they are — thine own? —  
 kennst Du die eig - nen Lie - der nicht? —

*f* *p*

# NOW WELCOME, MY WOOD!

(WILLKOMMEN, MEIN WALD!)

OTTO ROQUETTE (1824- )  
Translated by Elisabeth Rücker

(Original Key)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 21, No. 1  
(1815 - 1892)

Vivace  
Bright and lively (Frisch und lebhaft)

VOICE

*f*

Now wel - come, my wood, — thou green — sha - dy  
Will - kom - men, mein Wald, — grün - schat - ti - ges

PIANO

*f*

*con Pedale*

home! — Thro' the branch - es now peals forth thy wel - com - ing  
Haus! — durch die Wip - fel schon hallt mir dein grü - ssend Ge -

*mf*

tone. — How glad - ly I breathe the fresh life - giv - ing  
braus. — Wie trink' ich in Zü - gen mich frisch und ge -

*cresc.* *f.*

breeze, In - ha - ling con - tent - ment 'neath rus - tling trees, 'neath  
 sund, — hier athm' ich Ge - nü - gen aus Her - zens - grund, aus

*cresc.*

*f.*

rus - tling trees. — Now  
 Her - zens - grund. — Zum

*cresc.*

mount - ing the dell, — there steals — from be - low — The soft ves - per -  
 gra - si - gen Hang — auf - stei - gend vom Thal, — drängt der Glo - cken

*f.*

*mf.*

bell thro' the eve - ning glow. — And there sounds in the branch - es, as  
 Klang und des A - bends Strahl. — Und es rauscht in der Ei - che hoch -

*mf.*



up - ward they stream, — Thro' sweet - est green shad - ow a  
 stre - ben - dem Baum, — im grü - nen Be - rei - che ein

*cresc.*

song - ster's dream, a — song — ster's  
 Lie - des - traum, ein — Lie - des -

*f*

*cresc.*

dream, — The flow' - rets re -  
 traum. — Den Blu - men ge -

*f*

joice, — as round — me they lie, — With glad - ness I  
 sellt — auf Ra - sen und Moos, — tief schau' — ich die

gaze on the earth and the sky! And, dream - ing in  
Welt und den Him - mel wie gross! Und ich träu - me im

*mf*

si - lence from my sha - dy knoll, Feel earth is my  
Schwei - gen der schat - ti - gen Ruh, den Him - mel mein

*cresc.*

por - tion, and heav - en my goal, and heav -  
ei - gen, die Er - de da - zu, die Er -

*f*

- en my goal!  
- de da - zu!

*cresc.*

To Prinzessin Auguste von Preussen

# DELIGHT OF MELANCHOLY

## (WONNE DER WEHMUTH)

(Original Key)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 33, No. 1

(1815-1892)

*Larghetto*

VOICE

*p*

Dry ye not,  
Trock - - net nicht,

PIANO

*p*

*con Pedale*

dry ye not, Tears of a love nev - er  
trock - - net nicht, Thrä - nen der e - wi - gen

dy - ing! Ah! on - ly to eyes half dried from their  
Lie - be! Ach nur - dem halb - ge - trock - ne - ten

*mf*

*mf*



weep - ing      How bar - ren, how dead the world still must seem! \_\_\_\_\_  
 Au - ge      wie      ö - de, wie      todt die Welt ihm er - scheint! \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

*p*

Dry      ye not, \_\_\_\_\_      dry      ye not, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Trock - - net      nicht, \_\_\_\_\_      trock - - net      nicht, \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*      *cresc.*

*mf*      *cresc.*

Tears      of un - for - tu - nate lov - - ing! \_\_\_\_\_  
 Thrä - - nen un - glück - li - cher Lie - - be! \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

# THE ROSE COMPLAINED

101

(ES HAT DIE ROSE SICH BEKLAGT)

FRIEDRICH von BODENSTEDT (1819 - 1892)

(Original Key)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 42, No. 5

From the Persian of Mirza Schaffy

(1815 - 1892)

Translated by George L. Osgood

Larghetto - Fervent and tender (Innig und zart)

VOICE

PIANO

*espressivo*

*mf*

*Con Ped.*

The rose com -  
Es hat die

plain'd with hang - ing head, Her fra-grance all too soon was  
Ro - se sich be - klagt, dass gar zu schnell der Duft ver

go - ing, Which spring had lav - ish'd sweet and ver - nal!  
ge - he den ihr der Lenz ge - ge - ben ha - be,

To com - fort  
Da hab' ich

her, 'twas then I said, Her fra-grance through my songs was  
ihr zum Trost ge - sagt, dass er durch mei - ne Lie - der

float - ing, And there would find a life e - ter - nal!  
we - be, und dort ein ew' - ges Le - ben ha - be.

*p*



## THE MONOTONE

(EIN TON)

(Original Key)

Translated by C. Hugo Laubach

Words and Music by  
PETER CORNELIUS, Op. 3, No. 3  
(1824-1874)Not too slowly (*Etwas bewegt*)

VOICE

I hear a tone so won-drous rare; It fills my  
Mir klingt ein Ton so wun-der-bar in Herz und

PIANO

*legato (gebunden)*

*p* *pp* *p*

heart, 'tis ev-er there. Ah, can it  
Sin-nen im-mer-dar. Ist es der

*mf* *p*

be the last faint breath That stirred thy pal-lid lips ere death?  
Hauch, der dir ent-schwebt, als ein-mal noch dein Mund ge-bebt?

*cresc.*

Is it the ten-der mon-o-tone Of church-bell  
 ist es des Glück-leins trü-ber Klang, der dir ge-

*cresc.*

which for thee made moan?  
 folgt den Weg ent-lang?

Lo, still it comes, so full, so  
 Mir klingt der Ton so voll und

*p* *cresc.*

clear, As though thy soul were float-ing near,  
 rein, als schloss er dei-ne See-le ein,

*fp dim.* *pp*

*pp*

As though with love and yearn-ing deep You sang my bit - ter pain to  
 als stie - gest lie - bend nie - der Du und säng - est mei - nen Schmerz in

*pp*

sleep! \_\_\_\_\_  
 Ruh! \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

*pp*



# THE ASRA

## (DER ASRA)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)

*Translated by Arthur Westbrook**(Original Key)*

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, Op. 32, No. 6

(1829-1894)

Moderato

VOICE

*p*

Ev-ry day the won-drous love-ly Sul-tan's daugh-ter paced the gar-den,  
 Täg-lich ging die wun-der-schö-ne Sul-tans-toch-ter auf und nie-der

PIANO

*p*

In the eve-ning near the foun-tain Where the foam-ing wa-ters whit-en.  
 um die A-bend-zeit am Spring-brunn, wo die wei-ssèn Was-ser plät-schern;

*mf*

Ev-'ry day the youth-ful slave stood In the eve-ning near the foun-tain,  
 täg-lich stand der jun-ge Skla-ve um die A-bend-zeit am Spring-brunn,

*mf*

Where the foam-ing, wa - ters whit - - en. Dai - ly grew he pale and  
 wo die wei - ssen Was - ser plät - - schern. Täg - lich ward er bleich und

*dim.*

pal - er, pale and pal - er. Till one eve - ning slept the Prin - cess  
 blei - cher, bleich und blei - cher. Ei - nes A - bends trat die Für - stin

*dim.* *cresc. animato* *p*

To his side with hur - ried ques - tion. "Tell me, slave, thy name, thy coun - try!  
 auf ihn zu - mit ra - schen Wor - ten; "Dei nen Na - men will ich wi - ssen,

*mf stringendo*

Tell me of thy home and kin - dred!" And the slave re - plied: "Men  
 dei - ne Hei - math, dei - ne Sipp - schaft!" Und der Skla - ve sprach: "Ich

*ritard.*

## Tempo I

call — me Ma - ho - met, I come — from Ye - men, And my  
 hei - - sse Ma - ho - met, ich bin — aus Ye - men, und mein

tribe is that of As - ra, Who in lov - - ing ev - er  
 Stamm sind je - ne As - ra, wel - che ster - - ben wenn — sie

per - ish, And my tribe is that of As - ra, Who in lov - ing, ev - er  
 lie - ben, und mein Stamm sind je - ne As - ra, wel - che ster - ben wenn sie

per - - ish."  
 lie - - ben."



# GOLDEN AT MY FEET

## (GELB ROLLT MIR ZU FÜSSEN)

109

(Original Key)

FRIEDRICH von BODENSTEDT (1819-1892)  
(from the Persian of Mirza Schaffy)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, Op. 34, No. 9  
(1829-1894)

Andante

PIANO

Gold - en at my feet rolls the Ku - ra in might,  
Gelb rollt mir zu Fü - - ssen der brau-sen-de Kur,

Foam on the waves light - ly ri - - ding, Bright - ly  
im tan-zen-den Wel - len ge - trie - - be, hell

smiles all in sun - shine, My heart laughs  
lä - chelt die Son - ne, mein Herz und die

light. \_\_\_\_\_ O would this were ev - er a - bid -  
 Flur. \_\_\_\_\_ O, wenn es doch im - mer so blie -

ing, \_\_\_\_\_ O would this were ev - er a - bid - - - ing!  
 be, \_\_\_\_\_ O, wenn es doch im - mer so blie - - - be!

2 Sparkles red in glass now our Georgi-an wine, The wine from my —  
 2 Roth fun - kelt in Glas der ka - che - ti-sche Wein, es — füllt mir das  
 3 Now — sets the sun, swift-ly com-eth the night, My heart, like love's —  
 3 Die Son - - ne geht un - ter, schon dun-kelt die Nacht, doch mein Herz gleicht dem

Love's hands soft glid - - ing. I \_\_\_\_\_ drink from her eyes \_\_\_\_\_ The  
 Glas mei - ne Lie - - be, und ich saug' mit dem Wein \_\_\_\_\_  
 stars so con-fid - - ing, Still in deep-en - ing dark - - ness Aye \_\_\_\_\_  
 Ster - ne der Lie - - be, flammt in tief - sten Dun - - kel in \_\_\_\_\_

light \_\_\_\_\_ down in mine. \_\_\_\_\_  
 ih - re Bli - cke ein. \_\_\_\_\_ } O would this were ev-er a -  
 glis - - tens more bright. \_\_\_\_\_ } O, wenn es doch im-mer so  
 hell - - - ster Pracht. \_\_\_\_\_ }

bid - ing, O would this were ev-er a - bid - - - ing!  
 blie - be, O, wenn es doch im-mer so blie - - - be!

1. 2.



# MY QUEEN

## (WIE BIST DU MEINE KÖNIGIN)

(Composed in 1864)

(Original Key)

G. F. DAUMER (1800-1875)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 32, No. 9

(1833-1897)

**Adagio**

VOICE

PIANO

*p molto espress. e dolce*

*col Ped.*

Ah, sweet my love, my gra-cious queen! As now, I've e'er thy sub-ject  
 Wie bist du mei - ne Kö - ni - gin, durch sanf - te Gü - te won - ne -

*espressivo*

been.— Dost thou but smile, then all a - round sweet Spring is smil - ing.  
 voll:— Du läch - le nur, Lenz - düf - te weh'n durch mein Ge - mü - the

Thou my queen, thou my queen.  
won - ne - voll, won - ne - voll!

*p espress.*

Fresh is the bloom the ro-ses  
Frisch auf - ge - blüh - ter Ro - sen

*espressivo*

wear,  
Glanz,

Yet can it not with thine — com-pare.  
ver-gleich ich ihn den dei - ni - gen?

Fair - est of  
Ach, ü - ber

flow'rs thou bring-est joy my soul en-tranc - ing.  
al - les was da blüht, is dei - ne Blü - the

Thou my  
won - ne -



queen, thou my queen.  
voll, won - ne - voll.

*p espress.*

Tho' I might roam in des-erts drear, All would be changed shouldst thou ap -  
Durch to - dte Wü - sten wan-dle hin, und grü - ne Schat - ten brei - ten

*p*

pear, Fra-grance and sweet re-fresh-ing shade Thou bring'st me  
sich, ob fürch - ter - li - che Schwi-le dort ohn' En - de

*f*

ev - er, Thou my queen, thou my  
brü - te, won - ne - voll, won - ne

*dim. dolce*



queen, my queen.  
won - ne - voll.

*p* *espressivo*

In thy dear arms I would re - pose, E'en tho' for aye mine eyes might  
Lass mich ver - geh'n in dei - nem Arm! Es ist in ihm ja selbst der

*espressivo*

close, — Wert thou but near, e'en death's sharp pang would harm me nev - er.  
Tod, — ob auch die herb - ste To - des - qual die Brust durch - wü - the,

Thou my queen, thou my queen, my queen.  
won - ne - voll, won - ne - won - ne - voll!

*Ad.* \*

## LOVE SONG

(MINNELIED)

(Composed in 1877)

(Original Key)

H. HÖLTY (1828-1887)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 71, No. 5

(1833-1897)

With much tenderness but not too slowly  
(Sehr innig doch nicht zu langsam)

VOICE

Sweet - er  
Hol - der

PIANO

*mf**p*

sounds the song of birds When she roams the mead—ows, When she comes with step so  
klingt der Vo - gel - sang, wenn die En - gel - rei - ne, die mein Jüng - lings - herz be -

light, 'Mid the wood-land shad-ows.  
zwang, wan - delt durch die Hai - ne.



Bright-er is the bloom-ing Spring, Green-er are its bow-  
 Rö - ther blü - hen Thal und Au, grü - ner wird der Ra -

- ers, When, with ten - der fin - gers' touch She doth gath - er  
 - sen, wo die Fin - ger mei - ner Frau Mai - en - blu men -

flow-ers: But for thee all joy were dead, All earth's  
 la - sen. Oh - ne sie ist al - les todt, welk sind

bright-ness fa - ded. E'en the glow of eve-ning sky Were for  
 Blüt' und Kräu - ter; und kein Fröh - lings-a - bend - roth dünkt mir



me o'er-shad - ed. Dear - est sov - 'reign of my  
 schön und hei - ter. Trau - te, min - nig - li - che

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a series of chords in the right hand and a single note in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

heart, Leave, oh! leave me nev - er, Bloom sweet blos - soms of thy  
 Frau, wol - lest nim - mer flie - hen, dass mein Herz, gleich die - ser

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F#5, and a half note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a single note in the left hand.

love, In my soul for ev - er, In my soul for ev -  
 Au, mög' in Won - ne bli - hen, mög' in Won - ne bli -

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, and a half note D5. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a single note in the left hand.

er. hen. rit. dolce dim. p

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note E5, a quarter note F#5, a quarter note G5, and a half note A5. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a single note in the left hand. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

## A THOUGHT LIKE MUSIC

(WIE MELODIEN ZIEHT ES MIR)

(Composed in 1889)

(Original Key, A)

KLAUS GROTH (1819 - )

Translated by Isabella G. Parker.

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 105, No. 1

(1833-1897)

**Tenderly (Zart)**

**VOICE**

A thought, like mu - sic, — hold - ing My  
 Wie Me - lo - di - en — zieht es mir

**PIANO**

*p sempre dolce*

heart in soft con - trol, Like flow'rs of spring un -  
 lei - se durch den Sinn, Wie Früh - lings - blu - men

fold - ing, It thrill - eth through my soul,  
 blüht es und schwebt wie Duft da - hin,



It thrill - eth through my soul.  
und schwebt wie Duft da - hin.

But if a word be spo - ken, Its beau - ty to con -  
Doch kommt das Wort und fasst es und führt es vor das

vey, The spell at once is bro - ken, 'Twill  
Aug; Wie Ne - bel - grau er - blasst es und

van - ish quite a - way, 'Twill  
schwin - det wie ein Hauch, und



van - ish quite a - way.  
 schwin - det wie ein Hauch.

In mel - o - dy deep  
 Und den - noch ruht im

hid - den, A fra - grance lies con - ceald, That  
 Rei - me ver - bor - gen wohl ein Duft, Den

bring - eth tears un - bid - den; Un -  
 mild aus stil - lem Kei - me ein

*dim.*

spo - - ken joy 'twill yield,  
feuch - - tes Au - - ge ruft,

That bring - eth tears un - bid - den; Un -  
Den mild aus stil - lem Kei - me ein

spo - ken, un - spo - ken — joy 'twill  
feuch - tes, ein feuch - tes — Au - ge

yield.  
ruft.

*rit.*

## PRESS THY CHEEK AGAINST MINE OWN

(LEHN' DEINE WANG' AN MEINE WANG')

(Composed in 1856)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)

Translated by Louis C. Elson

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 1, N<sup>o</sup> 1

(1837-1889)

Slowly

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Slowly' and 'p' (piano). It consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

*p appassionato*

Oh, press thy cheek  
Lehn' dei - ne Wang'

a - gainst mine own, To -  
an mei - ne Wang' dann

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line continues with chords in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand, maintaining the 'p' dynamic.

geth - er our tears shall be flow - ing,  
flie - ssen die Thrä - nen zu - sam - men,

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line features a more active right hand with chords and moving lines, while the left hand remains steady. The dynamic remains 'p'.



And press thy heart close to my heart, To - geth - er the  
und an mein Herz drück' fest dein Herz, dann schla - gen zu -

flames — shall be glow - ing; And when in the  
sam - men die Flam - men. Und wenn in die

glow - ing flames at last, The streams of tears are  
gro - sse Flam - me fließt der Strom von un - sern

*pp*

throng - ing, And, when my arm shall en - cir - cle thee  
 Thrä - nen, und wenn mein Arm dich ge - wal - tig um -

*pp*

*p*

fast, Then I shall die of long - ing;  
 schliesst, sterb' ich vor Lie - bes - seh - nen.

*p*

*pp* (like a sweet memory)

Oh, press thy cheek a-against mine own!  
 Lehn' dei - ne Wang' an mei - ne Wang'!

*pp*

## WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA

(WENN DURCH DIE PIAZZETTA)

(Composed in 1874)

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

German translation by Ferd. Freiligrath

(Original Key)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 50, No. 3

(1837-1889)

Con velocità  
sempre *p* e segretamente

VOICE

When thro' the pi - az - zet - ta night breathes her cool  
 Wenn durch die Pi - az - zet - ta die A - bend - luft

una corda sin al fine

PIANO

*p dolce*

air,  
weht,

Then, dear - est Ni - net - ta, I'll come to thee  
 dann weisst du, Ni - net - ta, wer war - tend hier

there.  
steht.

*p*  
Be -  
Du

*cresc.**mf**p*



neath thy mask shroud - ed I'll know thee a - far, \_\_\_\_\_  
 weiss, wer trotz Schlei - er und Mas - ke dich kennt, \_\_\_\_\_

*cre - scen - do*

*poco marcato*

*cre - scen - do*

*La. \**

As Love knows, tho' cloud - ed, His own eve - ning  
 wie A - mor die Ve - nus am Nacht - fir - ma -

*mf* *p*

*mf* *p*

*La. \**

star, As Love knows, tho' cloud - ed, His own  
 ment, wie A - mor die Ve - nus am Nacht -

*mf* *p*

*de - cre - scen - do*

*La. \**

eve - ning star.  
 fir - ma - ment.

*leggerissimo*

*La. \**

*p*

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

In  
Ein

*p*

garb then re - sem - bling some gay - gon - do -  
Schif - fer - kleid trag' ich zur sel - bi - gen

lier, I'll whis - per thee, trem - bling: Our  
Zeit, und zit - ternd dir sag' ich: das



bark, love, is near.  
 Boot ist be - reit!

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.*

*cresc.* *mf*

*p* *cre* - *seen* -  
 Now, now, while there hov - er those  
 O komm! jetzt, wo Lu - nen noch

*p* *cre* - *seen* -

\* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

*do.* *mf* *p*  
 clouds o'er the moon, 'Twill waft thee safe o -  
 Wol - ken um - ziehn, lass durch die La - gu -

*do* *mf* *p*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

*p* *mf*  
 ver von si - lent la - goon, 'Twill  
 nen, mein Le - ben, uns flihn; lass

*p* *tr* *mf*

\* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*



de - cre - scen do *p sempre*

waft thee safe o - ver yon si - lent  
durch die La - gu - nen, mein Le - ben,

la - goon.  
uns fliehn!

*leggerissimo*

*sfp*

*pp*

# ROW GENTLY HERE, MY GONDOLIER!

(LEIS' RUDERN HIER, MEIN GONDOLIER!)

(Composed in 1874)

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

(Original Key)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 50, N<sup>o</sup> 4

German translation by Ferd. Freiligrath

(1837-1889)

*Con tenerezza*

VOICE

*p*

Row — gen - tly here, my — gon - do - lier! So  
 Leis' — ru - dern hier, mein — Gon - do - lier! Die

PIANO

*p*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

*sempre p e dolce*

soft - ly wake the tide, That not an ear on earth may  
 Fluth vom Ru - der sprüh'n so lei - se lass, dass sie —

*sempre p e dolce*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

hear But hers to whom we glide!  
 uns nur ver - nimmt, zu der wir zieh'n!

*delicato*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*



*cresc.* - - - *mf*

Had Heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As star - ry  
O könn - te, wie er schau - en kann, der Him - mel

*cresc.* - - - *mf*

La \* La \* La \* La \* La \* La \*

*dim.* *p*

eyes to see, O think what tales 'twould have to  
re - den, traun, er sprä - che vie - les wohl von

*dim.* *p*

*cresc.* *mf* *dim.*

tell Of wan-d'ring youths like me!  
dem, was Nachts die Ster - ne schau'n!

*cresc.* *mf* *p* *cresc.*

La \* La \* La \*

*p*

Now  
Nun

*a tempo*

*mf* *string. e cresc.* *pp* *p*

La \* La \*



rest thee here, my gon - do - lier, Hush,  
 ra - sten hier, mein Gon - do - lier! In's

*La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \*

hush, for up I go, go, To  
 Boot die Ru - der sacht! Auf

*La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \*

climb yon light bal - co - ny's height,  
 zum Bal - ko - ne schwing' ich mich,

*La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \*

While thou keep'st watch be - low. Ah!  
 doch du hältst un - ten Wacht. O

*La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \*

*cresc.* - - - *mf* *dim.*

did we take for heav'n a - bove. But half such pains as we  
 woll - ten halb so eif - rig nur dem Him - mel wir uns weihn.

*cresc.* - - - *mf* *dim.*

*La* \* *La* \* *La* \* *La* \* *La* \*

*p*

Take, day and night, for wo - - - man's  
 als schö - - - ner Wei - - - ber Dien - - - ste,

*p*

*cresc.* *mf* *p*

love, what an - gels we should be!  
 traun, wir könn - ten En - - - gel sein!

*cresc.* *mf* *cresc.*

*La* \* *La* \* *La* \*

*lento* *pp*

*La* \* *La* \* *La* \*

# W H Y? (W A R U M?)

(Composed in 1869)

(Original Key)

†HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)  
Translated by Natalia Macfarren

PIOTR ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY  
Op. 6, No. 5  
(1840-1893)

Moderato

VOICE

Why so pale are the ro - ses this year?  
Wa - rum sind denn die Ro - sen so blass,

PIANO

*p*

Canst thou an - swer me this, oh, my dear?  
sü - sses Lieb, kannst du sa - gen mir das?

Why so heav - y with  
Wa - rum sind denn den

tear - drops un-shed  
Veil - chen im Gras

*p*

Doth the vi - o - let droop her sweet head?  
wie von Thrä - nen die Äu - ge - lein nass?

†) The retention of Heine's original text is not possible as the composer used a Russian translation in a different metre.



Why are ac - cents of sor - row and wrong      Thrill-ing loud in the  
 Wa - rum tönt mit so trau - ri - gen Klang      aus den Lüf - ten der

lark's mat - in song?      Why, oh, why are the green branch - es bent  
 Ler - che Ge - sang?      Wa - rum rauscht in den Bäu - men der Wind,

By the wind with a sound of la - ment?      Why so cold shines the  
 als ob kla - gen - de Stim - men es sind?      Wa - rum blickt denn die

sun in the sky,      Bring - ing glad - ness nor glow      from on  
 Son - ne so kalt      und ver - dros - sen her - ab      auf den

high? \_\_\_\_\_ Why so grey is the earth, and for -  
 Wald? \_\_\_\_\_ Wa - rum ist denn die Er - - de so

lorn, \_\_\_\_\_ Why so drear - y wher - ev - er I  
 grau \_\_\_\_\_ und so ö - de, wo - hin ich auch

turn? \_\_\_\_\_ Why is my heart so  
 schau? \_\_\_\_\_ Und wa - rum ist mir

*ff* string.

*f* *2. string.*

dark - en'd by fears? Why must I too see  
 selbst denn so weh? Wa - rum Al - les durch



*rit.* all things thro' tears? *Meno mosso* Oh, my love, I am  
*ff* Thrä - nen ich seh? *ff* Sprich wa - rum, sü - sses

part-ed from thee, say why hast thou for - sa - - - ken  
 Lieb-chen, o sprich, wa - rum hast du ver - las - - - sen

me? *a tempo*  
 mich? *molto rit.* *a tempo*

*pp*



# NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART

139

(NUR WER DIE SEHNSUCHT KENNT)

(Composed in 1869)

(Original Key, D $\flat$ )

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

PIOTR ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 6, No. 6

(1840-1893)

Andante non tanto

PIANO

*p espressivo*

*p espress.*

None but the lone - ly heart  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,

Can know my sad - ness; A - lone, and  
weiss, was ich lei - de! Al - lein und

*piu f*

part - ed far From joy and glad - ness.  
 ab - ge - trennt von al - ler Freu - de.

Heav'n's bound - less  
 Seh' ich an's

*un poco marcato*

arch I see Spread out a - bove me. Ah! what a  
 Fir - ma - ment nach je - ner Sei - te. Ach! der mich

dis - tance drear To one who loves me!  
 liebt und kennt ist in der Wei - te.

*dim.* *pp*

*f* >

None but the lone - ly heart  
Nur wer die Sehn - sucht kennt,

*cresc.* *mf*

*p* > *cresc.*

Can know my sad - ness; A - lone, and  
weiss, was ich lei - de! Al - lein und

*p* *cresc.*

part - ed far From joy - ed and glad - ness,  
ab - ge - trennt von al - ler Freu - de,

*f* *cresc.*

A - lone, and part - ed far  
Al - lein und ab - ge - trennt

*cresc. e string.*



*ff* From joy and glad - ness. My sen - ses  
 von al - ler Freu - del! Es schwin - delt

*pp molto rit.*

*molto rit.*

*a tempo*

fail, A burn - ing fire de -  
 mir, es brennt mein Ein - ge -

*p a tempo*

vours me. None but the lone - ly heart Can  
 wei - de, Nur wer die Sehn - sucht kennt, weiss,

know my sad - ness.  
 was ich lei - del!

*pp*

# DISAPPOINTMENT (DÉCEPTION)

(Composed in 1888)

PAUL COLLIN

(Original Key, E minor)

PIOTR ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 65, No 2

(1840-1893)

Translated by Alexander Blaess

Moderato

PIANO

While the sun shines in wont - ed  
Le so - leil ra - yon - nait en -

splen - dor, The deep woods I fain would be - hold, Where in bliss our  
co - re J'ai vou - lu re - voir les grands bois, où nous pro - me -

love we first told 'Mid sweet pledg - es and dal - lying can - dor. Thought I with  
nions au - tre - fois notre a - mour à sa belle au - ro - re. Je me di -



cheer;  
sais: "My love I'll meet be - low the nod-ding beech - tree yon - der,  
"Sur le che - min, je la re - trou - ve - rai sans dou - te,

*pp*

*f* A - gain rove through thick - ets dis - creet, Our hands en - twind in  
ma main se ten - dra vers sa main et nous nous re - met -

*f*

*p* *Più mosso* *mf* *f*  
si - lent won - der." Yet I seek thee, my love, in vain! I  
trons en rou - te! Je re - gar - de par - tout, En vain! J'a -

*p* *pp* *cresc.* *poco* *a*

*rit.* *Tempo I*  
call thee! but si - lence mocks my plead - ing. Dark-ness fall - ing o'er  
pel - le! Et lé - cho seul m'é cou - tel O, le pau - vre so -

*poco* *f rit.*



sky and plain, Dead and scat - ter'd leaves are con - ced - ing,  
 leil pâ - li! O, les - pau - vres bois sans ru - ma - ge!

While my hearts to death slow - ly bleed - ing, That thy trea - son our  
 O, mon pauvre a - mour, quel dom - ma - ge si vi - te per -

poor love has slain.  
 du dans l'ou - bli!

AS MY DEAR OLD MOTHER

(ALS DIE ALTE MUTTER)

from the Gipsy Melodies

ADOLF HEYDUK (1835 - )

*Translated by Isabella G. Parker*

(Original Key)

ANTONIN DVOŘÁK, Op. 55, No. 4

(1841-1904)

Andante con moto

PIANO

*mf*

*dim.*

*p mezza voce*

As my dear, old moth - er  
Als die al - te Mut - ter

*pp*

*pp*

*La. sempre*

Taught her chil - dren, sing - ing, Songs that from her  
mich noch lehr - te sin - gen, Thrä - nen in - den

*f*

*p*

eye - lids Tears so oft were bring - ing:  
Wim - pern gar so oft ihr hin - gen.

*f*

*dim.*

*p*



*p*

So, when for my chil -  
Jetzt, wo - ich die - Klei -

*pp*

dren Those old - songs re - call - ing, Oft - en  
nen sel - ber - üb' im - San - ge, rie - selt's

flow the tear - drops, oft they flow On my  
in den Bart oft, rie selt's oft von der  
★ (mir vom Au - ge, rie selt's oft mir auf die)

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*

*pp*

brown cheeks fall - ing.  
brau - nen Wan - ge.  
(brau - ne Wan - ge.)

*pp* *morendo*



# ELEGY

## (ÉLÉGIE)

LOUIS GALLET (1835 - )  
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

JULES MASSENET  
(1842 - )

**VOICE** *Sadly and slowly (Triste et très lent)* *very expressive and dejected (très expressif avec accablement)*

**PIANO** *rit.* *pp* *mf expressive and sustained (expressif et soutenu)*

O — gen - tle spring-times of yore,  
O — doux prin - temps d'au - tre - fois,

*mf* So fresh - ly green,  
*Ver - tes sai - sons,*

*p* How ye for - ev - er are fled! I see no  
*Vous a - vez fui pour tou - jours! Je ne vois*

*mf* more heav - en's blue;  
*plus le ciel bleu;*

*p* I hear no more songs of the birds full of  
*Je n'en - tends plus les chants joy - eux des oi -*

joy! Bear - ing with thee all my heart, Thou, my be -  
*seaux! En em - por - tant mon bon - heur, O bien - ai -*

*cresc. e animato*

*cresc.* *cresc.*

*poco a poco**En retenant beaucoup  
dim. e rit.*

loved, thou art gone from me! Now all in vain doth the spring-time re-  
 mé, tu t'en es al-lé! Et c'est en vain que re-vient le prin-

*f* *dim. e rit.* *p*

turn! Yes, gone for - ev - er with thee, Sun - light so gay,  
 temps! Oui, sans re - tour, a - vec toi le gai so - leil,

*a tempo* *f* *mf*

Bright days of glad - ness are fled. How in my heart all is gloom-y and  
 Les jours ri - ants sont par - tis! Comme en mon coeur tout est sombre et gla-

*p* *sorrowfully  
(avec douleur)* *ff*

cold! With - ered and dead ev - er - er - more!  
 cé! Tout est flé - tri! Pour tou - jours!

*mf dim.* *p* *pp a tempo* *Allargando* *p*

*p dim.* *pp* *cresc.* *ff*

*cresc.* *8*

## FROM MONTE PINCIO

(VOM MONTE PINCIO)

## NOCTURNE

(Composed in 1870)

(Original Key)

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON (1832 - )

Translated by F. Corder

EDVARD GRIEG

(1843 - )

Poco Andante

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

Eve - ning how ten - der!  
A - bend wie mil - del

*p* *mf* *pp*

*Ad.* \*

*cresc.*

Sun - set how red! All with a ro - se - ate glow is en - light - ened,  
Son - ne wie roth! Al - les er - füllt sich mit far - bi - gem Glan - ze,

*cresc.*

*Ad.* \*

*piu cresc.*

Bask - ing in sun - shine, the moun - tain is bright - ened,  
schwel - gend im Lich - te ver - klärt sich das Gan - ze,

*piu cresc.*

*Ad.* \*



*dim.*

Rapt and se - rene as the face of the dead.  
 klärt sich der Berg wie ein Ant - litz im Tod.

*p*

*La. \**

*pp un poco mosso*

Domes in the sweet-scent-ed dis - tance are gleam-ing, Mists blue and grey o'er the  
 Kup - peln in duf - ti - ger. Fer - ne er - glü - hen, blau - schwar - ze Ne - bel die

*pp un poco mosso*

*La. 3 \**

*pp stretto e cresc. molto*

mead - ows come stream - ing, Roll - ing a - down as ob -  
 Fel - der um - zie - hen, wal - len ein - her wie Ver -

*una corda stretto e cresc. molto pp*

*La. \**

*f rit.*

li - vion has roll'd, Weav-ing a gar-ment a thousand years old.  
 ges - sen-heit wallt, we - ben ein Kleid, das Jahr - tau - sen - de alt.

*ff*

*tre corde*

*f rit.*

*La. \**

## Vivo

*p*

Gleam-eth all red and warm, Eve-ning falls, peo - ple swarm; Moun-tain horns  
 Al - les glüht roth und warm, A - bend-schein, Vol - kes-schwarm; Al - les glüht:

*p leggiero*

La. \*

*poco rall.*

sound a - bove, Flow - er - scent, looks of love.  
 Horn - mu - sik, Blu - men - duft, hei - sser Blick.

*poco rall.*

La. \*

## Sempre vivo

*f* *un poco rit.*

All heart could wish gleams and sounds sweet - ly near us, Yearning for  
 Al - les be - gehrt, rings um - strahlt und um - tö - net, sehn - lich nach

*f* *un poco rit.*

La. \*

## Presto

beau - ty to cheer — us.  
 dem, was ver söh - net.

*p leggiero*

La. \*



*La* \* *La* \* *La* \* *La* \* *La* \*

*p* *>*

Gleam - eth all      red and warm.      Eve - ning falls,  
*Al - les glüht*      *roth und warm.*      *A - bend-schein,*

*p*

*La* \* *La*

*pp*

peo - ple swarm;      Moun - tain horns      sound a - bove,  
*Vol - kes - schwarm:*      *Al - les glüht.*      *Horn - mu - sik,*

*pp* *morendo*

\*

*morendo*

Flow - er - scent,      looks of love.  
*Blu - men - duft,*      *hei - sser Blick.*

*ppp*

*La* \*



*Andante*

*p*

Deep-ens the still-ness, dark-ens the day,  
 Stil - ler nun wird es, es dun-kelt das Blau,

*p* *mf* *pp*

La \*

*cresc.* *più cresc.*

And, from the ghosts of the past thus be-hold-ing, Heav-en is sure - ly the  
 und aus der däm-mern-den Vor - zeit Ge - stal - ten sieht sich der Him - mel die

*cresc.* *più cresc.*

La \*

*dim.*

fu-ture un-fold-ing, Shim-mer-ing vague-ly in gath-or-ing gray.  
 Zu-kunft ent-fal - ten, un - si - cher schimmernd in brü-ten-dem Grau.

*dim.* *p*

La \* La \* La \* La \* La \*

*pp poco mosso* *cresc. molto*

But, like a bea - con, will Rome one day wa - ken, Bright-en the dark-ness of  
 Doch, ei - ne Leuch - te, wird Ro - ma er - star - ken, hel - len die Nacht von I -

*pp poco mosso* *cresc. molto*

*La* \* *La* \* *La* \*

*pp stretto e molto cresc.*

It - a - ly for - sa - ken; Toc - sins will ech - o and  
 ta - li - ens Mar - ken; Glo - cken - ge - läu - te, Ka -

*pp* *stretto e molto cresc.*

*La* \* *La* \* *La* \*

*f rit.* *ff*

can - non will roar! Fierce-ly will blaze out the spir-it of yore.  
 no - nen ge-dröhn! Flam-mend wird wie-der die Vor-zeit er-steh'n.

*f rit.*

*La* \* *La* \* *La* \* *La* \* *La* \* *La* \*



Vivo

*p*

Wed-ding strain, sound a-main! Flute so gay, zith - er play! Out of time's  
 Tö - ne denn Hoch-zeit-sang, Zi - ther-spiel, Flö - ten-klang! Gib von der

*p*

*La* \*

*poco rall.*

scroll im-part Hope to the trust-ing heart!  
 Zei - ten Bund Gläu - bi - gen Her - zens-kund'!

*poco rall.* *pp*

*La* \*

*f* *un poco ritard.*

It - a - ly, look to the blest goal un - sha - ken; Ten - der - er  
 Schn - sucht I - ta - li - as träu - met vom Zie - le, wach wer - den

*f* *un poco ritard.*

*La* \*

*Presto*

feel - ings will wa - ken.  
 sanft - re Ge - füh - le.

*p leggiero*

*La* \*



*p*

*p*

Wed - ding strain, sound a - main!      Flute so gay, zith - er play!  
 Tö - ne denn Hoch - zeit - sang.      Zi - ther - spiel, Flö - ten - klang!

*pp*

*mp*

Wed - ding strain, sound a - main!      Flute so gay,  
 Tö - ne denn Hoch - zeit - sang.      Zi - ther - spiel,

*ppp* *morendo*

*morendo*

zith - er play!  
 Flö - ten - klang!

*ppp*

*ppp*

*al Fine*

# THE FIRST PRIMROSE

## (MIT EINER PRIMULA VERIS)

(Composed in 1876)

J. PAULSEN (1851 - )

Translated by F. Corder

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG

(1843 - )

Allegretto dolcissimo

VOICE

PIANO

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto dolcissimo'. The score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are provided in both English and German. The piano part features a simple, flowing melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal line is a simple melody that follows the piano part. The lyrics are as follows:

O take, thou love - ly child of Spring, This Spring's first ten - der  
 Mag dir, du zar - tes Früh - lings - kind, dies er - ste Blüm - chen  
 flow - er. De - spise it not that la - ter on Fair  
 from - men. Em - pfang' es gern, ver - schmäh' es nicht, weil  
 ros - es June will show - er. The sum - mer has its  
 spä - ter Ro - sen kom - men. Wohl köst - lich ist die  
 gold - en charm, In au - tumn hearts are gay, But  
 Som - mer - zeit, der Herbst er - quickt das Herz, der



*poco rit.*

Spring is love - li - er than all, The time of love and  
 Lenz doch ist der Won - nig - ste mit Lie - bes - lust und

*poco rit.*

*pp a tempo*

play. — For thee and me, O dear - est maid, The  
 Scherz. — Für uns, o hol - de Maid, er - glüht des

*pp a tempo*

*mf*

light of Spring is glow - ing; Then take the flow'r and  
 Früh - lings Mor - gen - son - ne; so nimm die Blum' und

*mf*

*dim. e poco rit.* *p*

rap - ture yield, Thy heart on me be - stow - ing.  
 gieb - da - für dein Herz mit sei - ner Won - ne!

*dim. e poco rit.* *p*



# A S W A N

## (EIN SCHWAN)

(Composed in 1876)

(Original Key)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828— )

Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

EDVARD GRIEG

(1843— )

*Andante ben tenuto*

VOICE

My swan, my treas - ure, With  
Mein Schwan, mein stil - ler, mit

PIANO

*p*

*più p*

snow-y-white feath - er, Of his songs sang me nev - er A sin - gle  
wei - ssem Ge - fie - der, dei - ne won - ni - gen Lie - der ver - rieth kein

*pp molto legato*

meas - ure. Shy - ly fear - ing the  
Tril - ler. Ängst - lich sor - gend des

*dolce poco animato*

*pp*

elves in the bush - es, Gli - ded he, list - 'ning  
El - fen im Grun - de, glittst du hor - chend all -

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*pp*

*f* *agitato*

there'mid the rush - es. And yet, when death came And  
 zeit in die Run - de. Und doch be - zwangst du zu -

*più f* *ff* *rit.*

part-ing a-larmed me, With sweet song he charmed me, And song— with death came!  
 letzt mich beim Schei - den mit trü - gen - den Ei - den, ja da, — da sangst du!

*tranquillo* *pp*

And, with its ring - ing, His spir - it passed on, then. He died While  
 Du schlo-ssest sin - gend die ir - di - sche Bahn doch, du starbst ver -

*pp* *Lento*

sing - ing. Was he on - ly a swan, then? a swan, then?  
 klin - gend; - du warst ein Schwan doch! ein Schwan doch!

## AT THE BROOKSIDE

(AN EINEM BACHE)

(Composed in 1880)

A. O. VINJE (1818 - 1870)

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG

Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(1843 - )

*Poco Andante*

VOICE

*p*

Fair trees, that hang your heads and bow To  
 Du Wald, der sich her - ü - ber biegt und

PIANO

*p*

*con Pedale*

kiss the brook, so dark and still, \_\_\_\_\_ Which un - der-mines your  
 küsst den schwar-zen Bach so still, \_\_\_\_\_ der nagt an dei - nem

roots be - low, And to your down-fall bends its will, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mark ver-gnügt und tief hin - un - ter zieh'n dich will; \_\_\_\_\_

*poco*

*dolce*



*più mosso*

Like you full ma - ny a one I've known, —  
gleich dir hab' Man - chen ich ge - kannt —

When Life was Spring, and hope was fair; —  
Im Lenz des Le - bens, frisch und roth, —

*molto* *fz*

Whose kiss - es warm - ly met mine own, To  
der Küs - se drückt' auf je - ne Hand, die

*Ped.*

*poco rit.* *molto* *f* *pp* *molto*

bring — but grief and dark de-spair, Grief  
 Weh' — ihm bracht' und bitt' - ren Tod, Weh'

*pp poco rit.* *f* *pp* *molto*

*La.*

*f più rit.* *Tempo I*

— and dark de - spair. —  
 — und bitt' - ren Tod! —

*f* *cantabile* *tranquillo*

*più rit.* *p*

*La.* *La.* *La.*

*tranquillo* *p* *pp* *ff* *p*

Fair trees! — Fair trees! — Fair trees! Fair trees! —  
 Du Wald! — Du Wald! — Du Wald! du Wald! —

*dim.* *ppp* *fff* *pp* *ppp*

*La.*

# THE OLD MOTHER

## (DIE ALTE MUTTER)

(Composed in 1880)

A. O. VINJE (1818-1870)

Translated by F. Corder

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG

(1843— )

Allegretto espressivo

VOICE *p*

My dear old mo - ther, poor thou art, And toil - est day and  
 Du al - te Mut - ter bist so arm, und schaffst im Schweiss wie

PIANO *p*

*mf*

night, — But ev - er warm re - mains thy heart, 'Twas  
 Blut, — doch im - mer noch ist's Herz dir warm, und

*mf*

*cresc.*

thou my cour - age didst im - part, My arm of stur - dy might. —  
 du gabst mir den star - ken Arm und die - sen wil - den Muth. —

*cresc.* *ff*



*p*

Thou'st wip'd a - way each  
Du wisch - test ab die

*p*

*mf*

child - ish tear When I was sore dis - trest, And  
Thrä - ne mein, war's mir im Her - zen bang, Und

*cresc.*

kiss'd thy lit - tle lad - die dear, And taught him songs that  
küß - test mich, den Kna - ben dein, und hauch - test in die

*mf*

*cresc.*

*f*

ban - ish fear From ev - 'ry man - ly breast.  
Brust hin - ein den sie - ges - fro - hen Sang.

*ff*

*p*

And more than all, thou'st giv - en me A  
 Du gabst mir, was be - se - ligt mich, das

*p*

*mf*

true and ten - der heart; ——— So, dear old moth - er  
 wei - che - Herz da - zu; ——— drum, Al - te, will ich

*mf*

*cresc.*

I'll love thee Where - e'er — my foot may wan - der free, Till  
 lie - ben dich, wo - hin — mein Fuss auch rich - tet sich, wohl

*cresc.*

*f*

death our lives shall part. ———  
 son - der Rast und Ruh'. ———

*ff* *rit.* *p*

## THE MOUNTAIN MAID

(DAS KIND DER BERGE)

(Composed in 1898)

(Original Key, E minor)

ARNE GARBORG (1851- )  
German text by Eugen von EuzbergEDVARD GRIEG, Op. 67, No. 2  
(1843- )

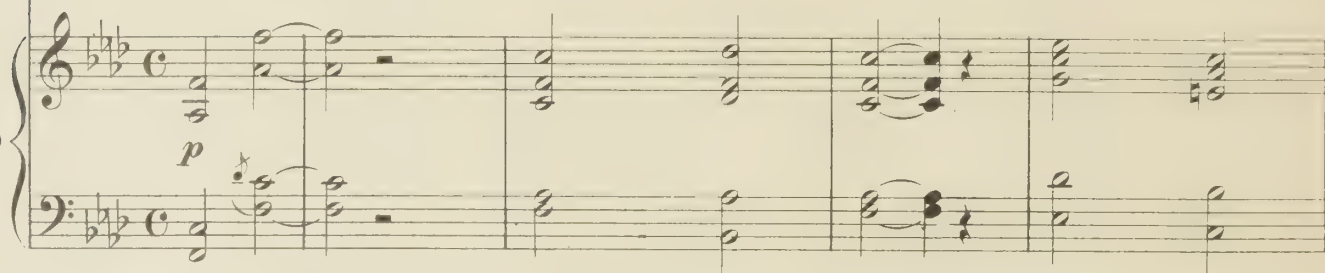
Allegretto tranquillo

VOICE



She is slen - der and young and fair, With fea - tures so clear and  
 Sie ist schmäch - tig und zart und bleich, mit Zü - gen so rein und

PIANO

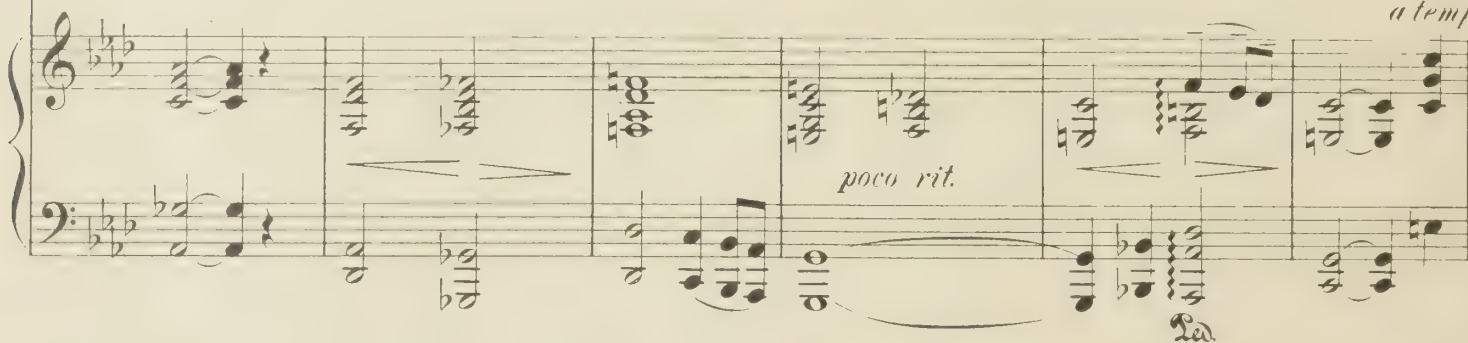


poco rit.

a tempo



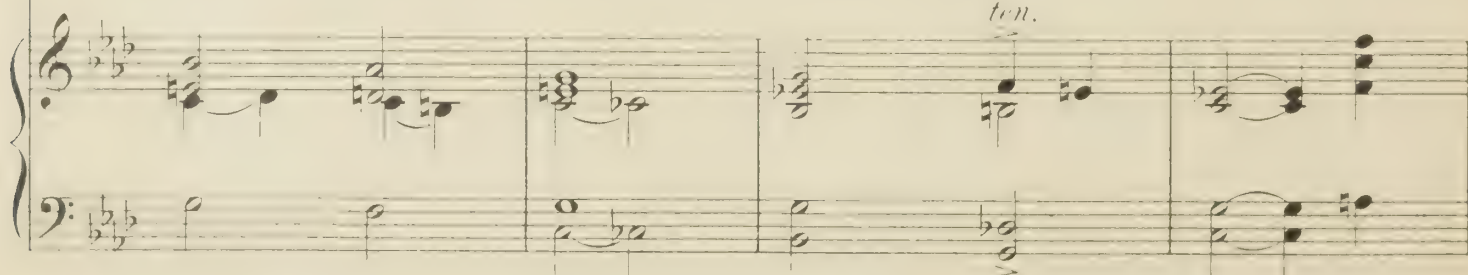
white; The drooping lids of her eyes But veil their dream-y light. As  
 klar, die tie - fen Au - gen um - säumt der Li - der träumendes Paar. Es



ten.



one who wan - ders in sleep She si - lent - ly goes her way, Her  
 ist, als wan - del - te sacht sie im Schla - fe wohl im - mer - zu: Ge -





voice,— her mien,— her look— A strange, gloom - y calm be -  
 bär - de, Mie - ne und Wort— ver - rät die - se düst - re

tray, gloom - y calm be - tray.— 'Neath her  
 Ruh; die - se düst - re Ruh!— Un - ter'm

fore - head, beau - teous, but low, Shine her eyes with a veil - ed  
 dunk - eln lo - cki - gen Haar strahlt das Au - ge mit mat - tem

gleam; Some— world that we know not she sees;— She  
 Schein; sie— starrt wie im Traum vor sich hin— in

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

ga - zes as lost in a dream. — But her  
an - dre Wel - ten hin - ein. — Nur der

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

*ten.*

breath - ing comes hard — and slow, She is trem - bling with pas - sion  
Bu - sen geht bang — und schwer, und es bebt um den bleich - en

*ten.*

strong, She is maid - en - ly, ten - der and sweet, Yea, in  
Mund. Sie ist jung - frau - lich zart — und fein, ja für -

*ten.*

truth, she is fair and young, she is fair and young. —  
wahr: sie ist schön und jung, sie ist schön und jung. —

# FLORIAN'S SONG

## (CHANSON DE FLORIAN)

J.P. CLARIS de FLORIAN (1755-1794)

(Original Key)

BENJAMIN GODARD

Translated by Laura M. Underwood

(1849-1895)

**Allegretto** (♩=88)

**VOICE**

*p*

If there's a shep-herd in your par - ish,  
 Ah! s'il est dans vo - tre vil - la - ge

**PIANO**

*p*

A shep-herd charm-ing, good and kind,  
 Un ber - ger sen - sible et char - mant,

To whom at  
 Qu'on ché - risse

*cresc.* *f*

once your heart's in - clined, Whom, lon - ger known, still more you cher - ish,  
 au pre - mier mo - ment, Qu'on aime en - sui - te da - van' - ta - ge,

*cresc.* *f*

*ff* *sostenuto* *dim.*

He is my love, Give him to me! I have his heart;—my  
 C'est mon a - mi, ren - dez - le moi! J'ai son a - mour,—il

*ff* *dim.*



*dim. > p* *p*

faith has he. Are echo-ing woods his songs re - peat -  
 a ma foi. Si par sa voix tendre et plain - ti -

ing, Charmed by his voice, that sweet com - plains, And do his  
 re Il char-me l'é - cho de vos bois, Si les ac -

*cresc.* *f* *ff*

pipe's mel - o - dious strains The hearts of maid - ens set a - beat - ing, Then 'tis my  
 cents de son haut - bois Ren - dent la ber - gè - re pen - si - re, C'est en - cor

*sostenuto* *dim.* *dim. > p*

love! Give him to me! I have his heart, - my faith has he.  
 lui, ren - dez - le moi! J'ai son a - mour, - il a ma foi.

*p*

If, when there comes some need-y broth - er, Who begs a  
 Si pas - sant pres de sa chau - miè - re Le pauvre, en

lamb from out the herd, The shep-herd gives with kind - ly  
 vo - yant son trou - peau, O - se de - man - der un a -

*cresc.* *f* *ff*

word The lit - tle lamb and e'en its moth - er, Oh! then 'tis he!  
 gneau Et qu'il ob - tienne en - cor la mè - re, Oh! c'est bien lui,

*cresc.* *f* *ff*

*sosten.* *dim.* *dim.* *p*

Give him to me! I have his heart, — my faith has he.  
 ren - dez - le moi! J'ai son a - mour, — il a ma foi.

*dim.* *p*

To *Ladislaus Mickiewicz*  
**AH! THE TORMENT!**  
 (ACH! DIE QUALEN)

(Original Key)

ADAM MICKIEWICZ (1798-1855)  
 Translated by *Isabella G. Parker*

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI, Op.18, No.5  
 (1859 — )

**Allegretto**

VOICE

PIANO

*leggiere*

*mp*

*mp*

How my heart with bit-ter pangs is  
 Ach! die Qua - len die mein Herz durch -

ra - ging! — Death were on - ly joy, such pain as - sua - ging. —  
 wüh - len! — Nur der Todt kann sie für e - wig stil - len: —

*La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \*

*La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \*

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*cresc.*

Dare I ven-ture thee to love so mad - ly? I would give my  
 Dürft' ich dich zu lie - ben mich er - küh - nen Die - ses Wag - niss

*cresc.*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

*rit. pp*

life for thee most glad - ly, — I would give my life for thee most  
 soll mein Herz - blut süh - nen, — Die - ses Wag - niss soll mein Herz - blut

*rit. pp*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

glad - ly. —  
 süh - nen. —

*a tempo leggiero*

*mp*

*Ad.* \*

*rall.*

*Ad.* \*

Meno mosso  
sempre espressivo

Why to thee a - lone must my love be plight -  
Wa - rum muss - te ich gra - de dich er - wä -

- ed? Why would I to thee  
- len? Wa - rum woll - te ich

on - ly be u - nit - ed?  
dir nur mich ver - mäh - len?

Tempo I

*p*

Though un-num-bered maid-ens may sur-round me, — Thou a-lone with-  
 So viel Mäd-chen blüh'n in un-ser'm Lan-de — Und grad' die-se

*p leggiero*

*rit. pp*

hope-less love hast bound me, — Thou a-lone with hope-less love hast  
 fes-seln an-d're Ban-de, — Und grad' die-se fes-seln an-d're

*rit.*

*Leg.* \*

bound me. —  
 Ban-de. —

*a tempo*

*leggiero*

*p*

*Leg.* \* *Leg.* \*



## THE SEA

(Composed in 1892)

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (1837 - )

(Original Key)

EDWARD A. MacDOWELL, Op. 47, No 7  
(1861 - )

Broadly, with rhythmic swing

VOICE *mf*

One sails a - way to sea, to sea, One stands on the shore and

PIANO *mf*

cries; The ship goes down the world, and the light On the sul - len

*ff* *ppp* *p* *ppp*

wa - ter dies. The whis - per - ing shell is mute, And

*f* *ff* *p*

af - ter is e - vil cheer; She shall stand on the shore and cry in vain,

*ff* *p*

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M. - 49 - 2

*pp* *retard* *pp*

in - vain, Man - y and man - y a year. But the state - ly wide-winged

*retard* *pp*

ship lies wrecked, Lies wrecked on the un-known deep; Far un-der, dead in his

*increase* *pp* *broaden*

cor - al bed, The lov - er lies a - sleep, Far un-der, dead in his

*pp*

*retard* *ppp*

cor - al bed, The lov - er lies a - sleep, a - sleep.

*retard* *ppp*



# SERENADE

## (STÄNDCHEN)

(1886)

(Original Key)

ADOLF FRIEDRICH von SCHACK (1815 - )

Translated by Isabella G. Parker

RICHARD STRAUSS, Op 17, No 2

(1864 - )

Vivace e dolce

VOICE

*pp*

A - wake! a -  
Mach' auf, mach'

PIANO

*pp una corda**segue*

La.

wake! my Love, soft - ly rise. None  
auf, doch lei - se, mein Kind, um

oth - er from slum - ber a - wa - ken! The  
Kei - nen vom Schlum - mer zu we - cken, kaum

\* La.



brook mur-murs low; the light zeph-yr flies,  
 mur-melt der Bach, kaum zit-tert im Wind

No leaf by its soft breath is sha-ken.  
 ein Blatt an den Büschen und He-cken.

So si-lent-ly, dear-est,  
 Drum lei-se, mein Mäd-chen,

that none a-wake, Lift soft-ly the latch lest fair slumbers you break.  
 dass nichts sich regt, nur lei-se die Hand auf die Klin-ke ge-legt.

*pp*

With foot - steps like  
Mit Trit - - ten, wie

*pp*

*segue*

*Ad.*

foot - steps of fair - - ies so soft,  
Trit - - te der El - - fen so sacht.

O - ver the flow'rs trip-ping light-ly,  
um ü - ber die Blu - - men zu hü - pfen,

*\* Ad.*

Haste thou to me, where the  
Flieg' leicht hin - aus in die

*\* Ad.*



moon a - loft The gar - - den il - lu - -  
Mond - schein-nacht, zu mir in den Gar - -

*Lied.* \*

- mines so bright-ly. Here  
- ten zu schlü-pfen. Rings

8  
\* *Lied.* \* *Lied.* \*

flow'rs by the brook-side, in slum-ber so deep Breath out their per-fume;—  
schlum - mern die Blü - then am rie-seln-den Bach und duf - ten im Schlaf,—

*Lied.* \* *Lied.* \* *Lied.* \* *Lied.* \*

*un poco rit.*  
—Love a-lone can-not sleep!  
—nur die Lie-be ist wach!

*a tempo*  
*pp*  
*un poco rit.*  
*Lied.* \*



Here rest thee! The  
Sitz' nie - - - der, hier

*ppp* *segur*

*Led*

glim - mer of mys - - ter - y Deep  
däm - mert's ge - heim - - niss - voll un - -

lin - den shade en - fold - ing.  
- ter den Lin - - den - bäu - men,

*Led* *Led* *Led*

The night in - gale shall our  
die. Nach ti - gall uns zu

*Led* *Led*

rap - - - ture see. Indreams our love  
Häup - - - ten soll von un s'ren Küs -

*Led* \* *Led* \* *Led* \*

be - hold - ing.  
- sen träu - men,

*Led* \* *Led* \* *espress.* *Led*

And the sweet rose,  
und die Ro - se,

*tutte le corde*  
*espress.*

\* *Led* \* *Led*

*cresc.*  
when it a - wakes with de - light, Shall  
wenn sie am Mor - gen er - wacht, hoch

\* *Led* \* *Led*



gleam, glüh'n, shall hoch gleam glüh'n

*mf*

\* La

in the bliss - ful  
von den Won - ne -

*p*

\* La

\* La

\* La

beau - ty of night!  
schau - ern der Nacht!

*espress.*

\* La

\* La

\* La

*pp* *una corda*

\* La

\* La

\* La













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